

Hymns of the
Christian
Centuries

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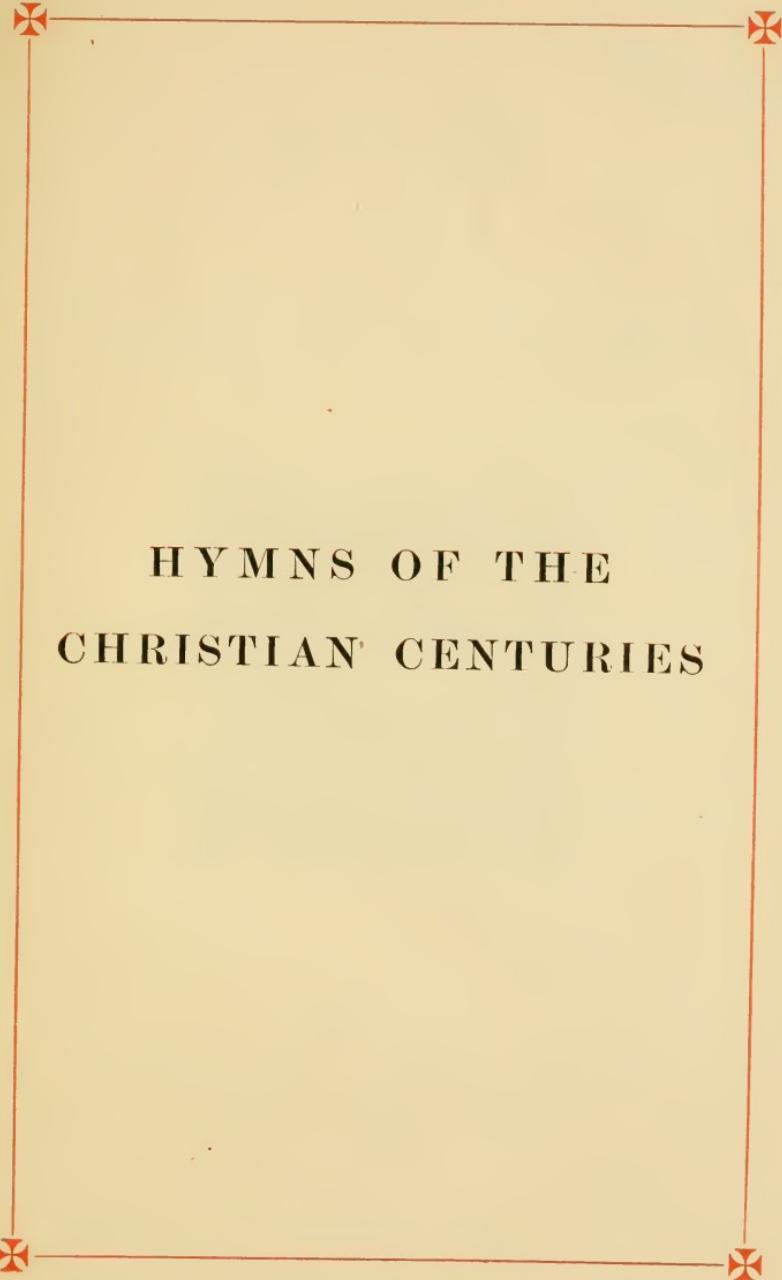
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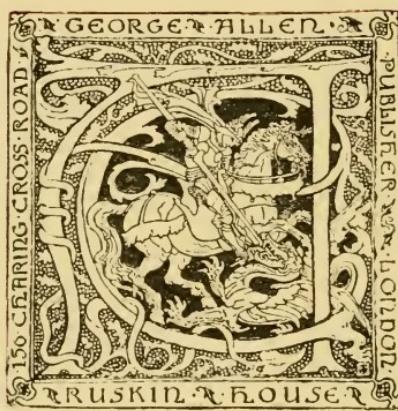
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**HYMNS OF THE
CHRISTIAN CENTURIES**



GEORGE ALLEN

150 CHARING-CROSS ROAD

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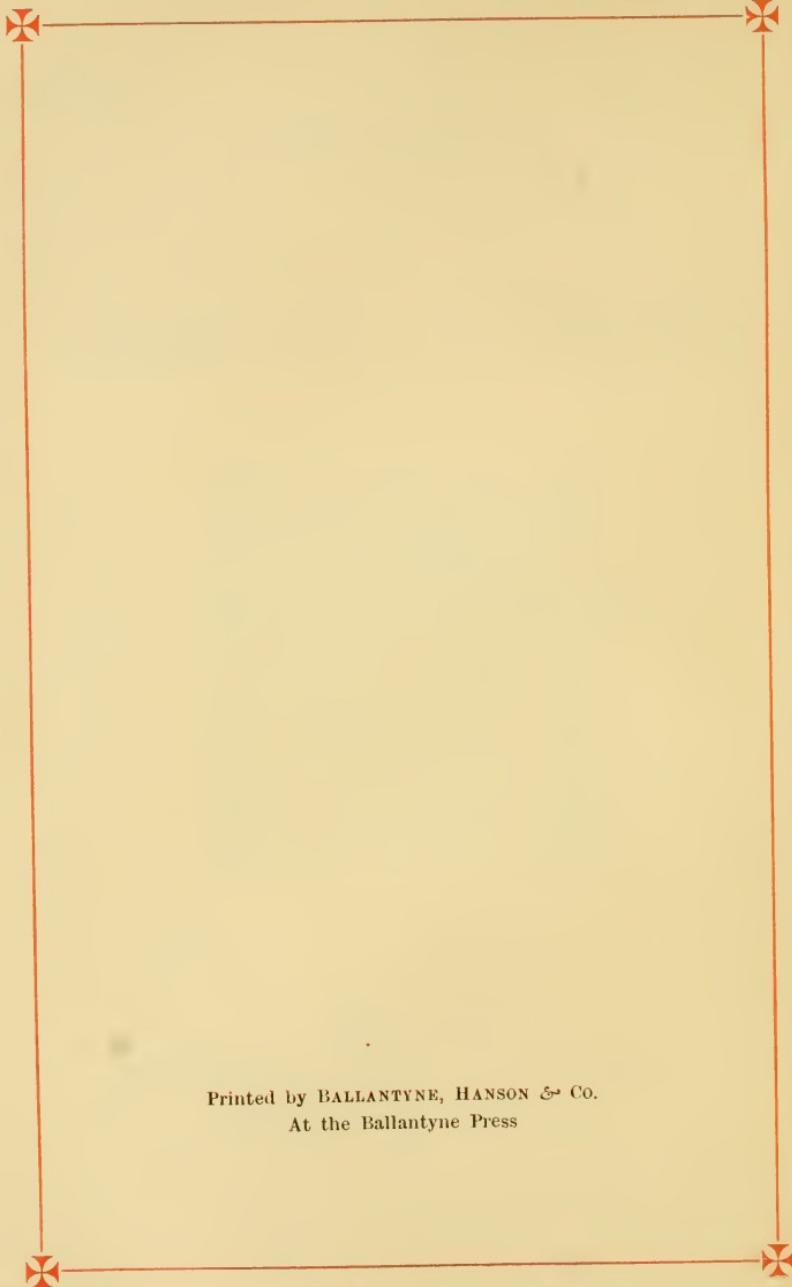
H Y M N S

OF THE

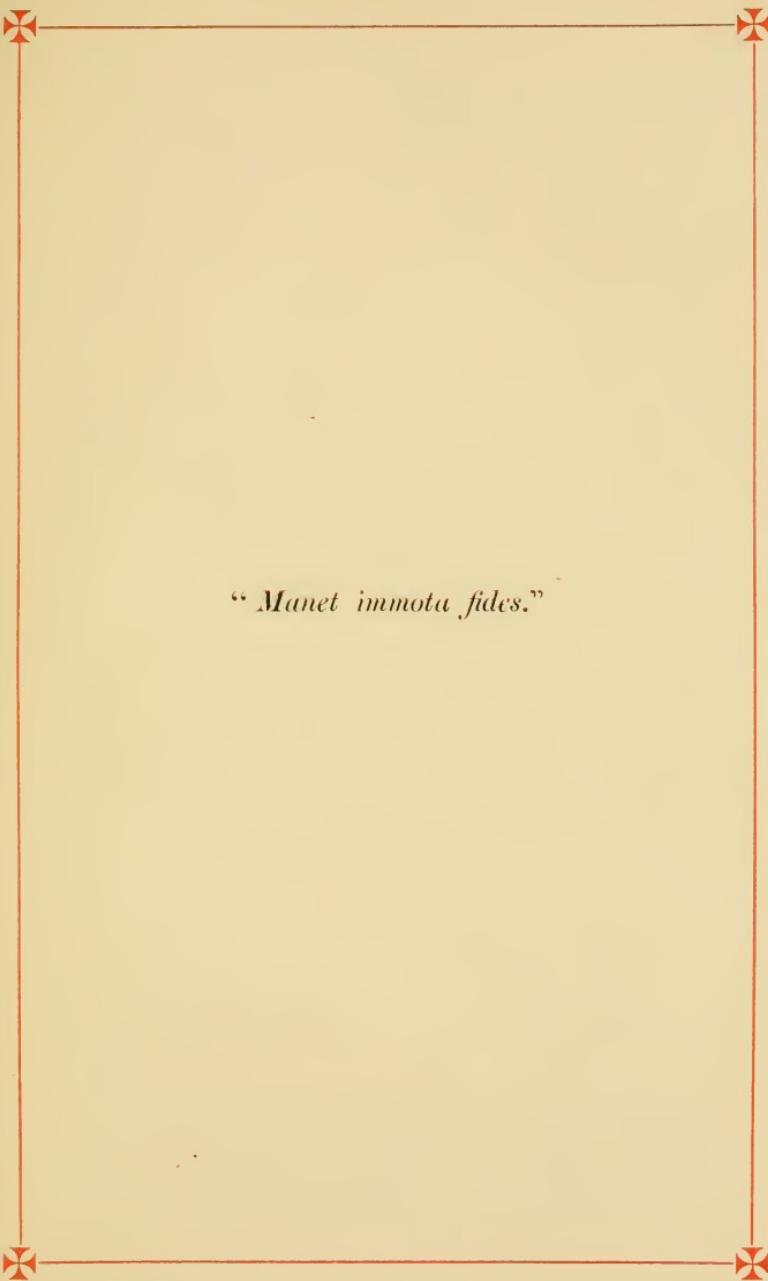
CHRISTIAN CENTURIES

COMPILED BY
MRS. PERCEVAL MACKRELL

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“Manet immota fides.”

P R E F A C E

“**A** HYMN,” says S. Augustine, “consists of praise to God and that with song.”

The dawn of the Christian Era was ushered in with the Angelic Hymn at Bethlehem; the Gloria in Excelsis, still sung in all branches of the Church, and from the fifth century (perhaps the fourth) forming part of our Eucharistic Service. After the Angels’ Hymn follow in a glorious succession the Magnificat, the Benedictus, the Nunc Dimittis, the Acclaim of the children in the streets of Jerusalem.

These, in their majesty and beauty eclipsing all others of all times, are the only known hymns of the first century.

Two of the Evangelists point to the Highest of all as our Authority for the use and love of hymns in recording the singing of a hymn by our Lord and His Apostles after the institution of the Lord’s Supper.

Glorious indeed must have been that strain as the voices of our Blessed Lord and the Eleven rose on the night air from that upper room in Jerusalem.



PREFACE

The hymn thus sung was almost certainly "*In exitu Israel*," part of the Great Hallel (Psalms cxiii. to cxviii.) always sung by faithful Hebrews at the Passover, the first four psalms immediately before and the last two after partaking of the Solemn Feast.

Trust, thanksgiving, and praise were here expressed and gave the keynote for all after hymnody.

The heathen Pliny, writing A.D. 103 to Trajan, reports the great growth of Christianity in his province of Pontus, and that the accused Christians on their trial before him, had affirmed that their custom was to meet on a stated day before daylight and sing a hymn to Christ as, says Pliny, to a god. Tertullian and Eusebius confirm Pliny's testimony. Philo also describes how in the first century "the Christians composed hymns which they sung to the honour of the true God." The Church historian Socrates (A.D. 385) relates that S. Ignatius (A.D. 68–107) had "learned through an angelic vision to hymn the Holy Trinity."

They passed away a noble army of Martyrs, and seem not to have committed to writing the early hymns of the Church; it may have been from fear that the sacred words might fall into the hands of their enemies and be profaned by heathen blasphemy. Thus fragments only of the early Greek and Syriac hymns—there is no known Latin hymn earlier than A.D. 357—have come down to us.

PREFACE

S. Chrysostom and S. Jerome record that until the fourth century the hymns were sung in the Greek and Syriac tongues.

The earliest Latin hymn known is one of two sent by Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, when in exile, to his daughter Abra, which in his accompanying letter he tells her are “one for the morning and one for the evening to be used in the worship of God.” The evening hymn has been lost; the morning hymn was the “*Lucis largitor Splendide*”—“Thou Splendid Giver of the Light.”

After S. Hilary came S. Ambrose, consecrated Bishop of Milan A.D. 374, who wrote many hymns himself and collected many others which were already in use; it was from his time that the use of hymns became general in the Offices of the Church.

Full of interest and beauty are the early Christian hymns, and if later some were produced and used in the Services of the Church which seem to us unsuited for any Christian century, some inspired writer has always emerged to redeem the degraded hymnody of his day. With the great change which came over the religious thought of Christendom in the sixteenth century the hymn horizon widens, and thenceforth to the present time the outpourings of fervent souls, and the happy inspirations of gifted poets have provided the hymn lover with a wealth of hymns from which he may readily find numbers

PREFACE

still full of interest and beauty, although many may not be hymns within the definition of S. Augustine. Many popular hymns and carols are very painful to some among us, from the irreverence with which the Divine Name is introduced ; the Name of God, before whom we are told the very Angels veil their faces. Old Thomas Fuller aptly says that “The too familiar words of some hymns do knock at the door of blasphemy, though not always with intent to enter thereat.”

The Compiler has selected one or more hymns to illustrate those of each century, and many of the less well-known hymns of later times ; amongst the wealth of modern hymnody many of the old favourites are passing out of use.

This collection of hymns is not intended for use in public service, and therefore does not include well-known hymns to be found in all hymn-books. The Compiler’s intention has rather been to find a place for hymns which are excluded from most collections, partly because they are not well adapted for congregational singing, and in some cases because they are not easily accessible to the collector. The footnotes to the hymns are the result of years of research and study, and will, it is hoped, be welcomed by the hymn lover, who is again reminded of S. Augustine in his words : “The hymns and songs of the Church moved my soul intensely. Thy truth



PREFACE

was distilled by them into my heart until the flame of religion was kindled thereby."

The Compiler gratefully acknowledges the kindness of those authors who have allowed her to use their hymns, and of those publishers who have allowed her to use hymns of which they possess the copyright. In case she has inadvertently included a hymn for which permission should have been obtained, she offers to the author or publisher a sincere apology.

Amongst those whose courtesy in giving permission for the use of hymns the Compiler would specially acknowledge, are :—

His Grace the Archbishop of York.

The Lord Primate of Ireland.

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Durham.

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Salisbury, and the
Rev. C. Wordsworth, for a hymn by the late
Bishop C. Wordsworth.

The Right. Rev. Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, D.D.

Bishop Welldon, D.D.

Arthur C. Benson, Esq., M.A., for hymn by the late
Archbishop Benson.

Canon I. Gregory Smith.

Canon Lester.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.

Rev. Somerset C. Lowry.

PREFACE

- The Earl Nelson, for hymns from the Sarum Hymnal.
- Rev. H. Walsham-How, for hymn by the late Bishop Walsham-How.
- The Executors of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, for his hymn on p. 187.
- Rev. F. G. Ellerton, for hymn by the late Rev. John Ellerton.
- Rev. H. E. Alderson, for hymn by the late Mrs. Alderson.
- Mrs. Birks, for two hymns by the late Professor Birks.
- Mrs. H. M. Chester.
- Mrs. Ross Cousin.
- Mrs. Hodges, for a hymn by the late Rev. G. S. Hodges.
- Mrs. L. Massey.
- Mrs. Munroe, for hymn by the late Miss E. E. S. Elliott.
- Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, for hymns by the late Rev. S. Willoughby Duffield.
- Mr. John Grant, for hymns by the late Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
- Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, for use of their copyright.
- Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., of New York, for hymns by the late J. G. Whittier.
- Messrs. Houlston & Sons, for hymns by Canon R. H. Baynes, taken from *Lyra Anglicana*.



PREFACE

Messrs. Longmans, for hymns by the late Miss C. Winkworth.

Messrs. Macmillan, for hymns by the late Canon Kingsley, and the late Earl of Selborne, and the late Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

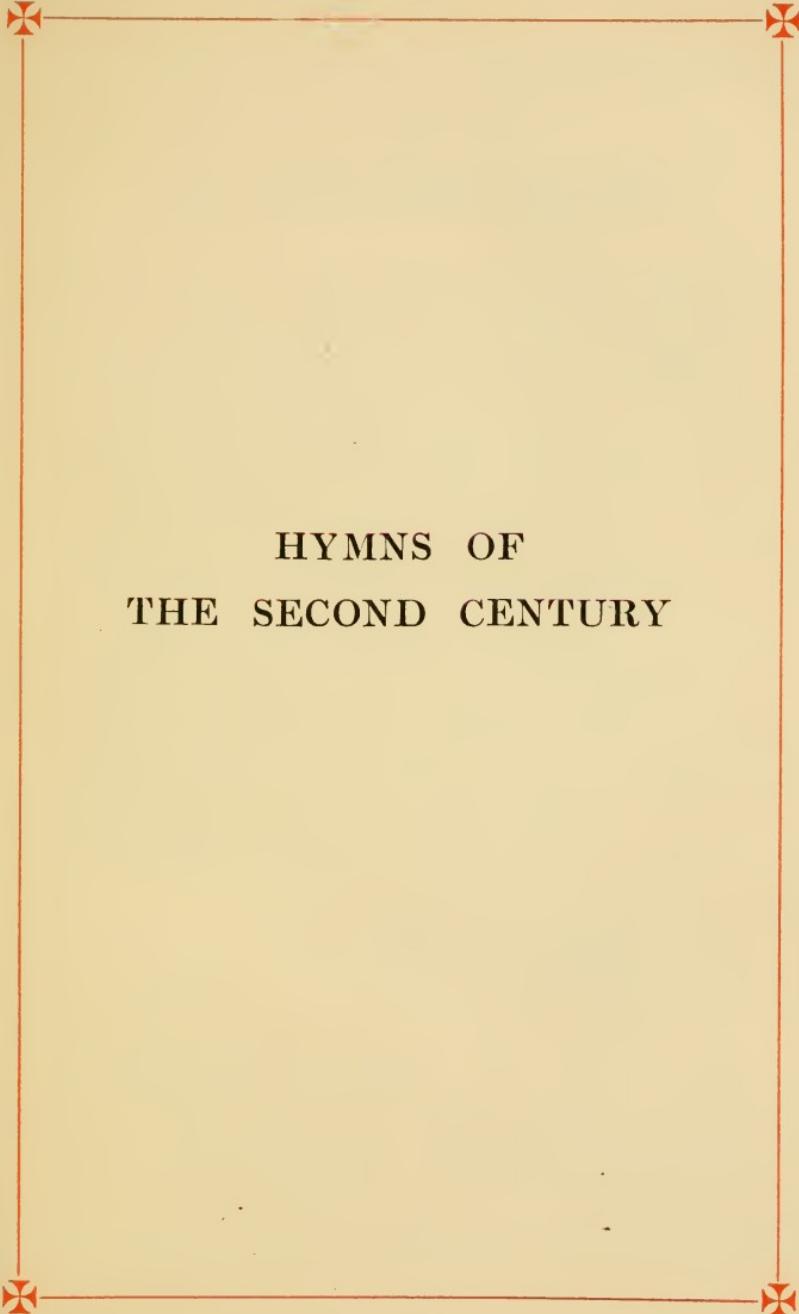
Messrs. Nisbet, for a hymn by the late Canon Dent Bell.

And as regards special information, the Compiler most gratefully acknowledges her indebtedness to the great writer on hymnology, Canon Julian, D.D., whose book for years past has been a source of never-failing pleasure and interest.

E. P. M.

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HYMNS OF
THE SECOND CENTURY

A

5.

THE HYMN OF THE SAVIOUR

O THOU, the King of Saints, all-conquering Word,
Son of the Highest, wisdom's Fount and Lord,
The prop that doth uphold through toil and pain,
The joy of ages through immortal reign ;
Yet born of mortal flesh for life's brief span,
O Saviour Jesus, Shepherd, Husbandman ;
Helm Thou to guide, and bridle to restrain,
Wing of the holy flock that Heaven would gain ;
O holiest Shepherd of enlightened sheep,
Lead Thou Thy flock the upward heavenly steep,
Pure Life of all the happy ransomed throng
Who hymn their God through all the ages long :—
In grateful homage unto Christ the King,
Who taught us life, let us together sing.

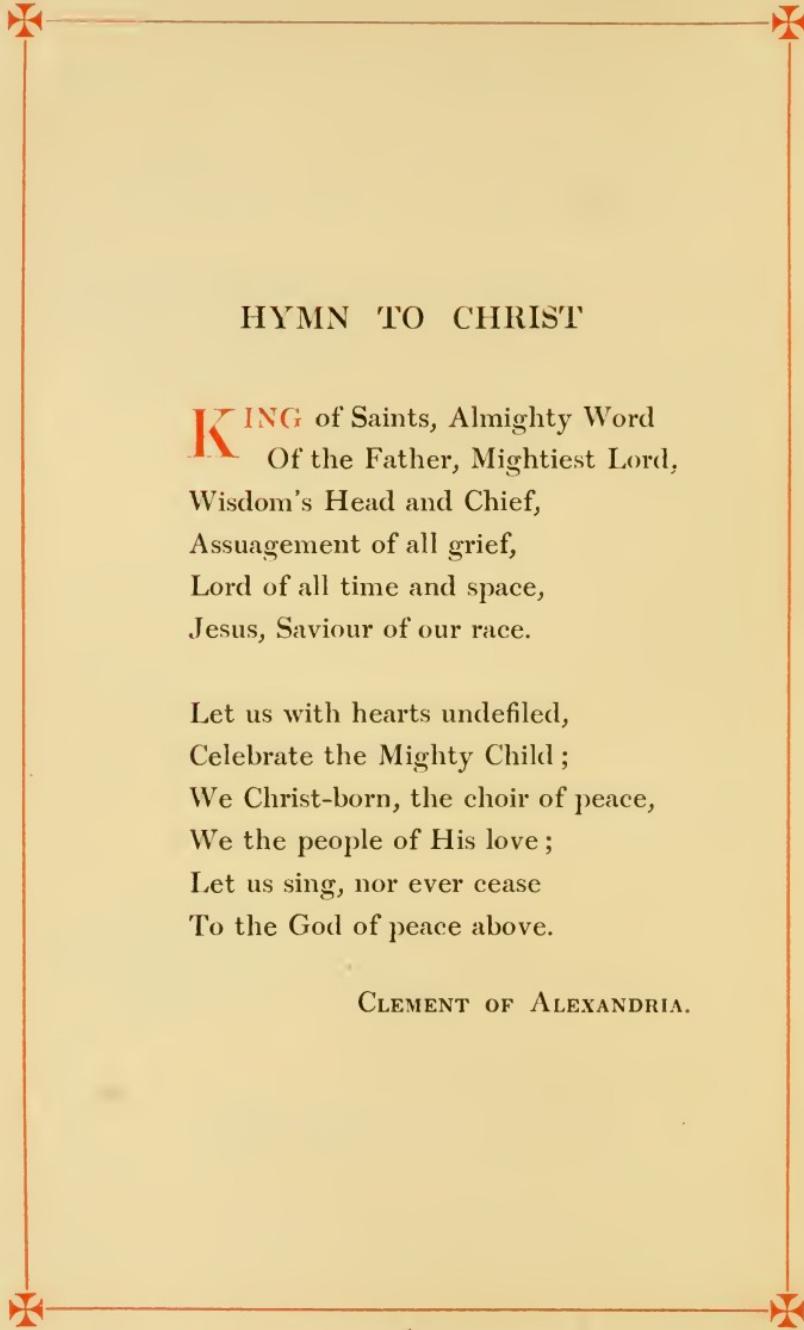
CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

(Date of birth and death unknown.

About A.D. 170 to 190.)

Tr. by Rev. ALLAN CHATFIELD.

The earliest known Christian hymn.



HYMN TO CHRIST

KING of Saints, Almighty Word
Of the Father, Mightiest Lord,
Wisdom's Head and Chief,
Assuagement of all grief,
Lord of all time and space,
Jesus, Saviour of our race.

Let us with hearts undefiled,
Celebrate the Mighty Child ;
We Christ-born, the choir of peace,
We the people of His love ;
Let us sing, nor ever cease
To the God of peace above.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

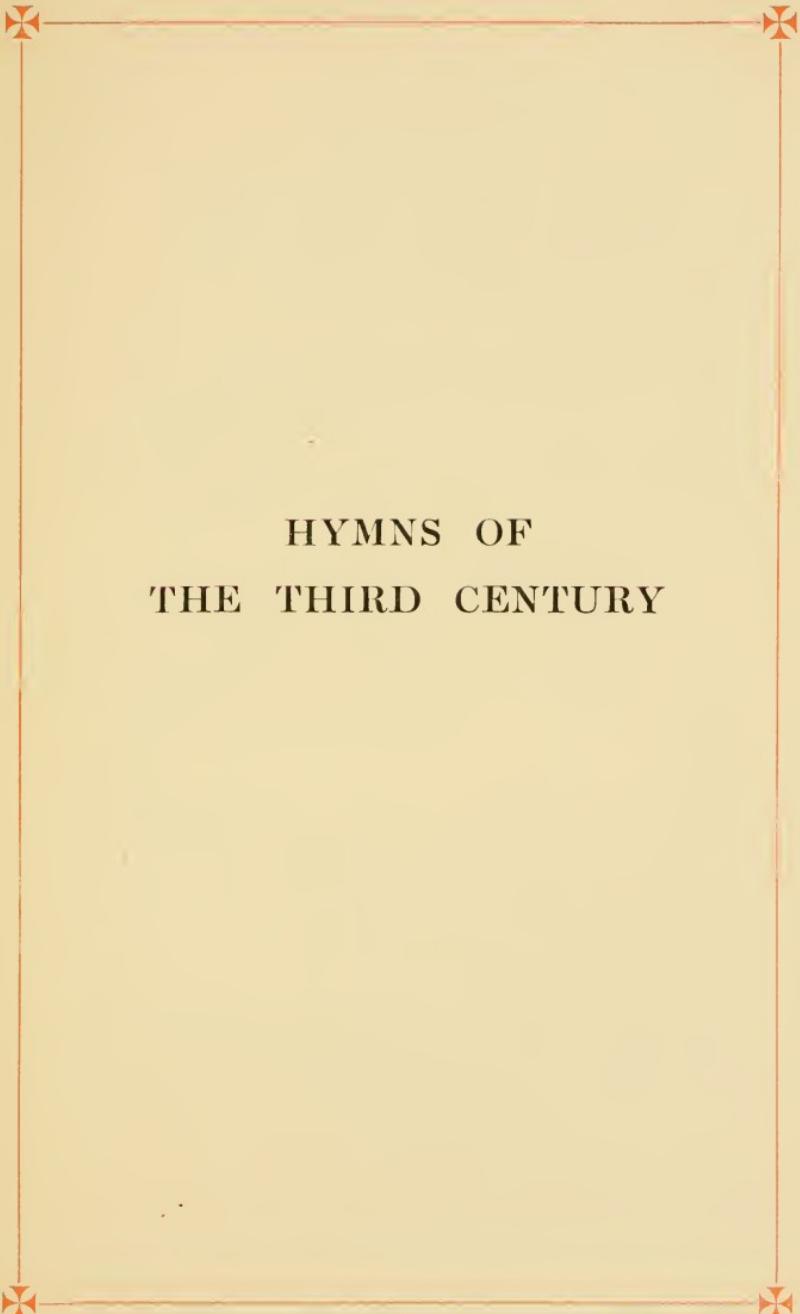
FRAGMENT OF AN EARLY CHRISTIAN
GREEK HYMN

FROM our midnight sleep uprising,
Thee, Gracious One, we will adore ;
Loud the angels' hymn uplifting
To Thee, Almighty, evermore !
The holy, holy, holy Lord and God art Thou !
In mercy's name, have mercy on us now !

From the couch and death-like slumber
Thou makest me, O Lord, to rise :
Thou my mind and heart enlighten,
And free my lips from sinful ties,
So may I before Thee, Lord, with praises bow ;
For holy, holy, holy Lord and God art Thou !

With multitudes on multitudes,
The coming Judge will soon be here ;
And every deed of every man,
Will bare and open then appear,
We wait in filial fear cheering our midnight now,
With holy, holy, holy Lord and God art Thou.

Is of unknown authorship.



**HYMNS OF
THE THIRD CENTURY**





THE CANDLELIGHT HYMN

SUNG AT VESPERS

O **BRIGHTNESS** of the Immortal Father's Face,
Most Holy, Heavenly, Blest
Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed.

The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lights of evening shine :
We hymn the Eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost Divine.

Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord :
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored.

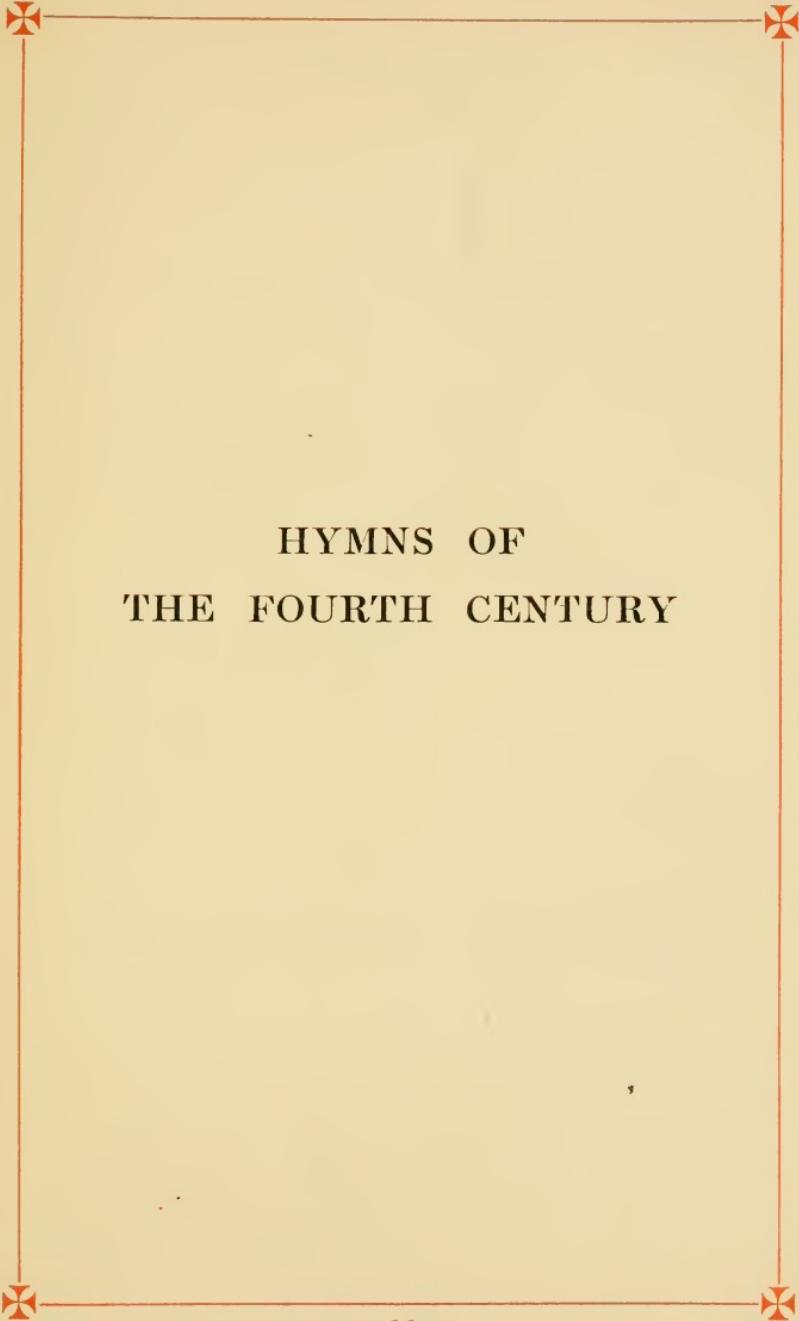
This Greek hymn of unknown authorship was sung in the ancient Church at the lighting of the lamps. It was quoted by St. Basil in the fourth century ; and to this day holds its place in the Services of the Greek Church.

ANCIENT HYMN

FROM THE PRAISE SERVICE OF THE
EARLY CHURCH

O SOUL of mine, O soul of mine,
Arise, why sleepest thou ?
The end of earth is drawing near,
And art thou fearful now ?
Be sober therefore, O my soul,
That He who filleth space
And filleth time, our Saviour, God,
May spare thee by His grace.

Greek hymn. Author and date unknown.



HYMNS OF
THE FOURTH CENTURY

HYMN TO THE TRINITY

*

O SPLENDOUR of the Father's Face,
Affording light from light ;
Thou Light of Light, Thou Fount of Grace,
Thou Day of Days most bright.

O shine upon us, perfect Sun,
With lasting Brightness shine ;
Let radiance from the Spirit run
Our senses to refine.

ST. AMBROSE.

(A.D. 340 to 397.)

One of the twelve hymns by St. Ambrose always received as genuine, and ascribed to him by Bishop Fulgentius, who died A.D. 533.

MAKER of all things, glorious God,
And Ruler of the height,
Who, robing day in light, hast poured
Soft slumbers o'er the night,
That to our limbs the power
Of toil may be renewed,
And hearts be raised that sink and cower,
And sorrow be subdued.

We thank Thee for the day that's gone ;
We pray Thee now the night comes on ;
O help us sinners as we raise
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.
Christ with the Father ever One,
Spirit of Father and of Son,
God over all, of mighty sway,
Shield us, great Trinity, we pray.

ST. AMBROSE.

This authorship, owing to St. Augustine's words, where he speaks of "those true verses of Thy Ambrose," has never been disputed.



FUNERAL HYMN

RECEIVE him, Earth, unto thine harbouring
shrine;

In thy soft tranquil bosom let him rest ;
These limbs of man I to thy care consign,
And trust the noble fragments to thy breast.

This house was once the mansion of a soul
Brought into life by its Creator's breath ;
Wisdom did once this living mass control ;
And Christ was there enshrined, Who conquers
death.

Cover this body to thy care consigned,
Its Maker shall not leave it in the grave ;
But His own lineaments shall bear in mind,
And shall recall the image which He gave.

Variation from AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS.

Tr. by Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D. (1838.)

HYMNUS MATUTINUS

LUCIS Largitor splendide,
Cujus sereno lumine
Post lapsa noctis tempora
Dies refusus panditur ;

Tu verus mundi Lucifer,
Non is, qui parvi sideris
Venturæ lucis nuntius
Angusto fulget lumine,

Sed toto sole clarior,
Lux ipse totus et dies,
Interna nostri pectoris
Illuminans præcordia :

Adesto, rerum Conditor,
Paternæ lucis gloria,
Cujus admota gratia
Nostra patescunt corpora ;

A MORNING HYMN

THOU splendid Giver of the light,
By Whose serene and lovely ray
Beyond the gloomy shades of night
Is opened wide another day !

Thou true Light-bearer of the earth,
Far more than he whose slender star,
Son of the morning, in its dearth
Of radiance sheds its beams afar !

But clearer than the sun may shine,
All light and day in Thee I find,
To fill my night with glory fine,
And purify my inner mind.

Come near, Thou Maker of the world,
Illustrious in Thy Father's light,
From Whose free grace if we were hurled,
Body and soul were ruined quite.

HYMNUS MATUTINUS—(*continued*)

Tuoque plena spiritu,
Secum Deum gestantia,
Ne rapientis perfidi
Diris patescant fraudibus,

Ut inter actus seculi
Vitæ quos usus exigit,
Omni carentes crimine
Tuis vivamus legibus.

Hæc Spes precantis animæ,
Hæc sunt votiva munera,
Ut matutina nobis sit
Lux in noctis custodiam.

The earliest known Latin hymn. One of the two for morning and evening which Bishop Hilary of Poitiers sent from Seleucia, where he was in exile, to his daughter Abra in Gaul. The evening hymn is lost to us.

A MORNING HYMN—(*continued*)

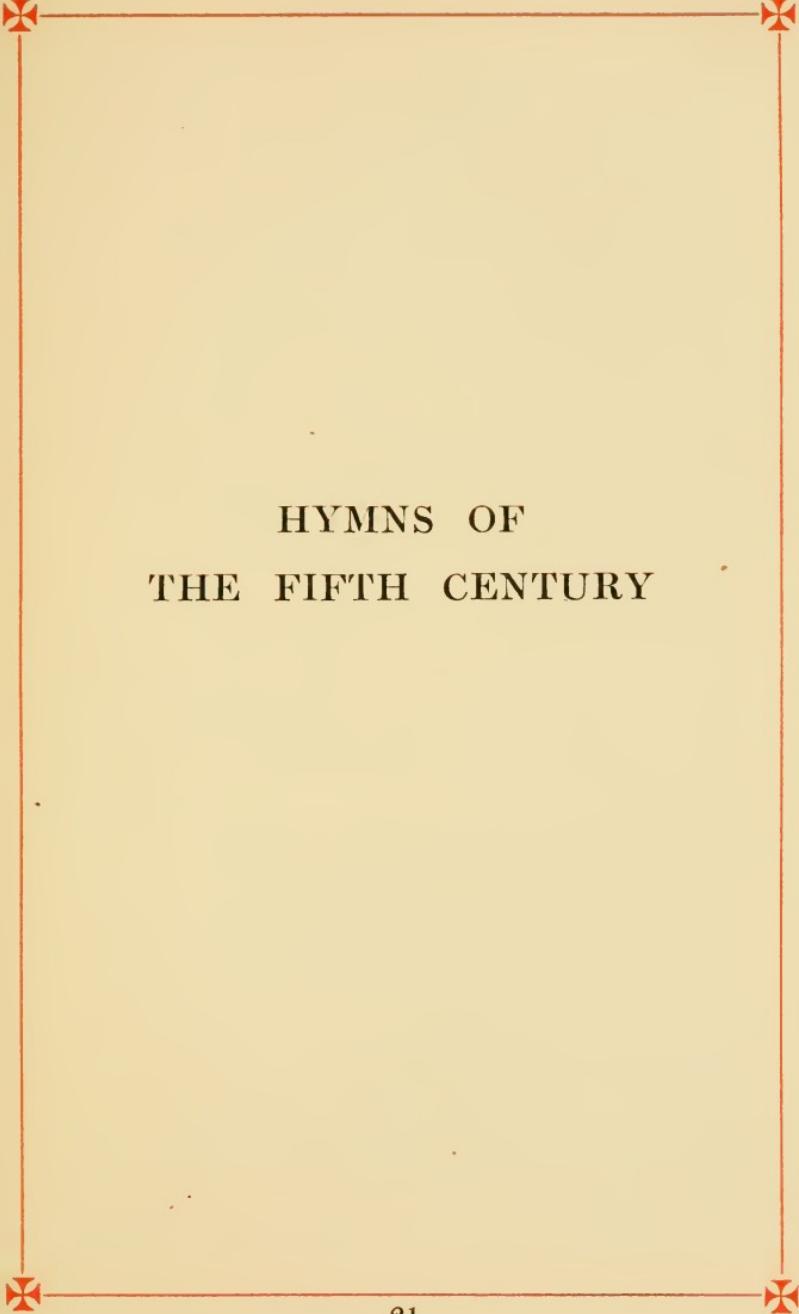
Fill with Thy Spirit every sense,
That God's Divine and gracious love
May drive Satanic temptings hence,
And blight their falsehoods from above.

That in the acts of common toil
Which life demands from us each day,
We may without a stain or soil,
Live in Thy holy laws alway.

This hope is in my praying heart—
These are my vows which now I pay ;
That this sweet light may not depart,
But guide me purely through the day.

BISHOP HILARY of Poitiers.
(A.D. 357.)

Tr. by Rev. S. W. DUFFIELD.



HYMNS OF
THE FIFTH CENTURY

THE TRANSFIGURED CHRIST

O YE who seek your Lord to-day,
Lift up your eyes on high,
And view Him there, as now ye may,
Whose Brightness cannot die.

How gloriously it shineth on,
As though it knew no dearth,
Sublime and lofty, never done,
Older than heaven and earth.

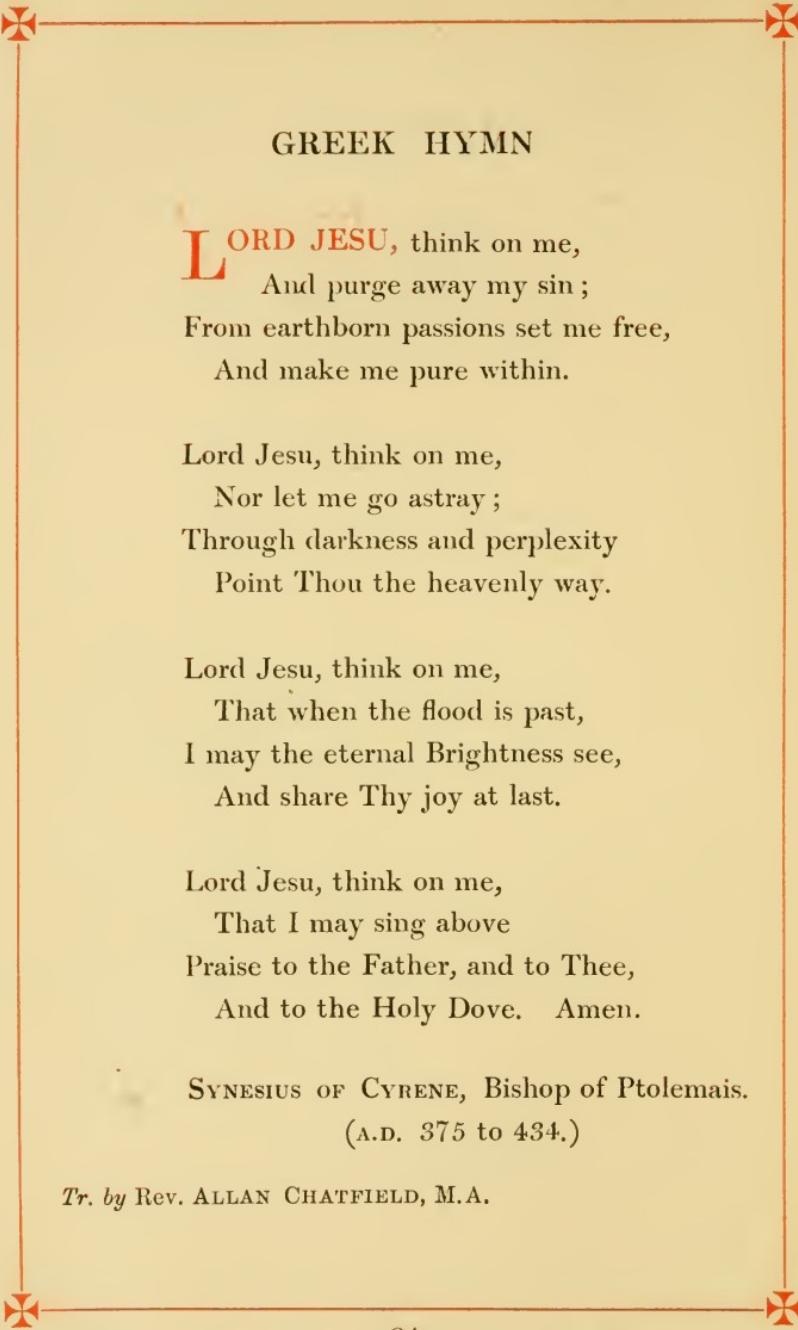
Thou art the very KING of men,
Thy people Israel's King,
Promised unto our fathers when
From Abraham all should spring.

To Thee the Prophets testified,
In Thee their hearts rejoice—
Our Father bids us seek Thy side
To hear and heed Thy voice.

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS.

(Born A.D. 348. Died A.D. 413.)

Tr. by Rev. S. WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD.



GREEK HYMN

LORD JESU, think on me,
And purge away my sin ;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

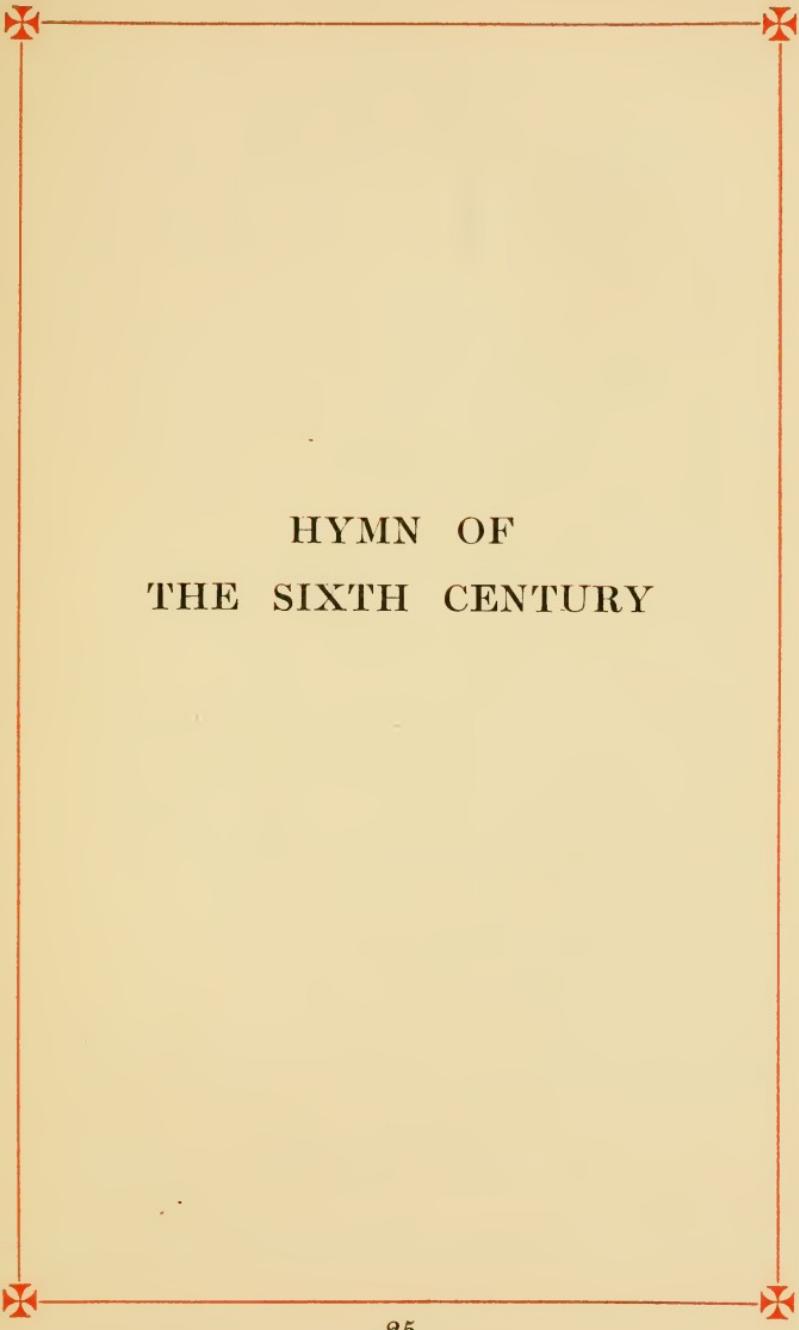
Lord Jesu, think on me,
Nor let me go astray ;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

Lord Jesu, think on me,
That when the flood is past,
I may the eternal Brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

Lord Jesu, think on me,
That I may sing above
Praise to the Father, and to Thee,
And to the Holy Dove. Amen.

SYNESIUS OF CYRENE, Bishop of Ptolemais.
(A.D. 375 to 434.)

Tr. by Rev. ALLAN CHATFIELD, M.A.



HYMN OF
THE SIXTH CENTURY

THE Royal banners forward fly ;
The Cross upon them cheers the sky ;
That Cross whereon our Maker hung,
In human form, by anguish wrung.

For He was wounded bitterly
By that dread spear-thrust on the Tree,
And there, to set us free from guilt,
His very Life in Blood He spilt.

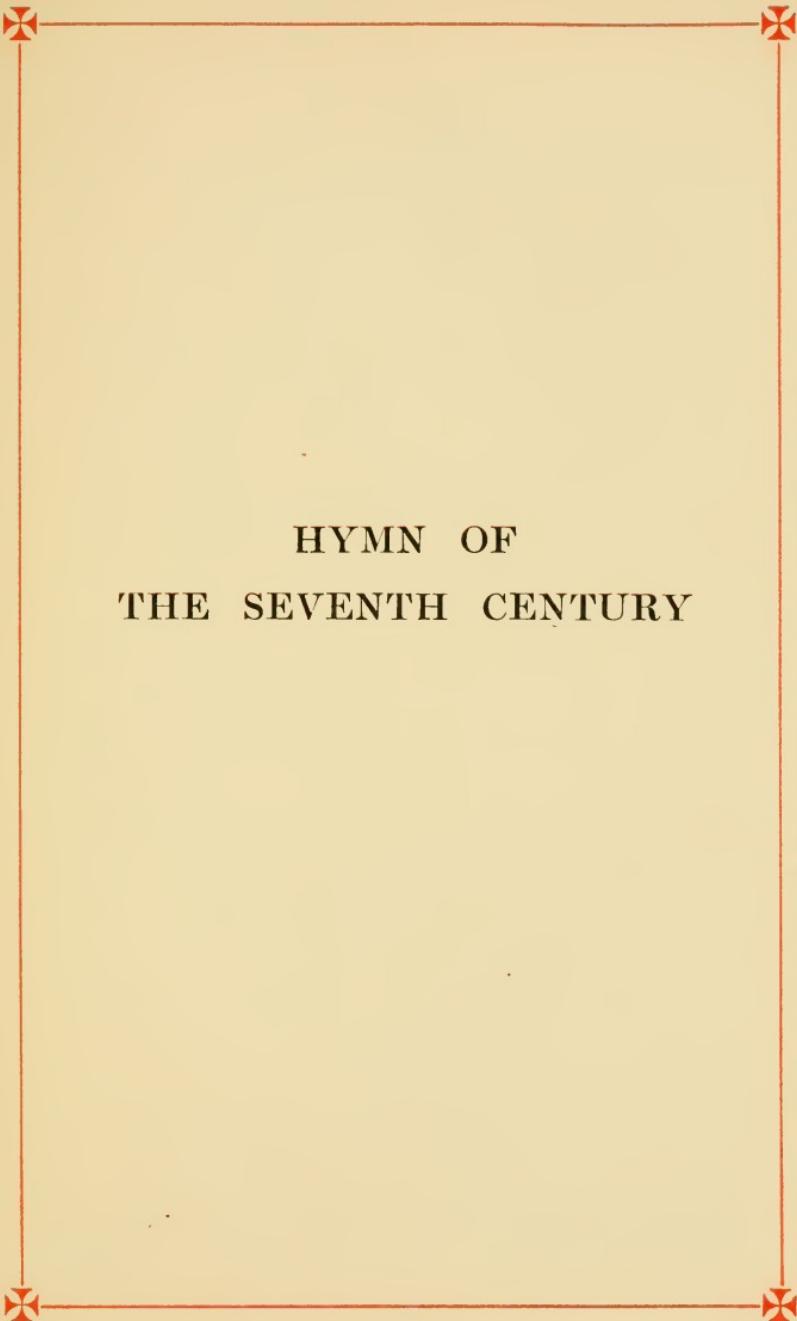
O Tree, renowned and shining high,
Thy crimson is a royal dye !
Elect from such a worthy root
To bear those Holy Limbs, thy fruit.

Blessèd upon whose branches then
Hung the great Gift of God to men ;
Whose price, of human life and breath,
Redeemed us from the thrall of death.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, Bishop of Poitiers.
(A.D. 569. Born about A.D. 530.)

One of the most pleasing of the Christian lyrists ; he was the connecting link between Prudentius and the Middle Ages.

Tr. by Rev. S. WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD.



HYMN OF
THE SEVENTH CENTURY

A HYMN

of glory let us sing ;
New hymns throughout the world shall ring ;
By a new way none ever trod,
CHRIST mounteth to the Throne of God.

The Apostles on the mountain stand,
The mystic Mount—in Holy Land,
They with the Virgin-Mother, see
JESUS ascend in majesty.

The Angels say to the eleven,
Why stand ye gazing into heaven ?
This is the SAVIOUR, upward borne
On this His glorious triumph-morn.

They said the Lord should come again,
As these beheld Him rising then
Calm soaring through the radiant sky,
Mounting its dazzling summits high.

Be THOU our joy on earth, O LORD,
Who art to be our great Reward :
And as the countless ages flee,
Let all our glory be in THEE ! Amen.

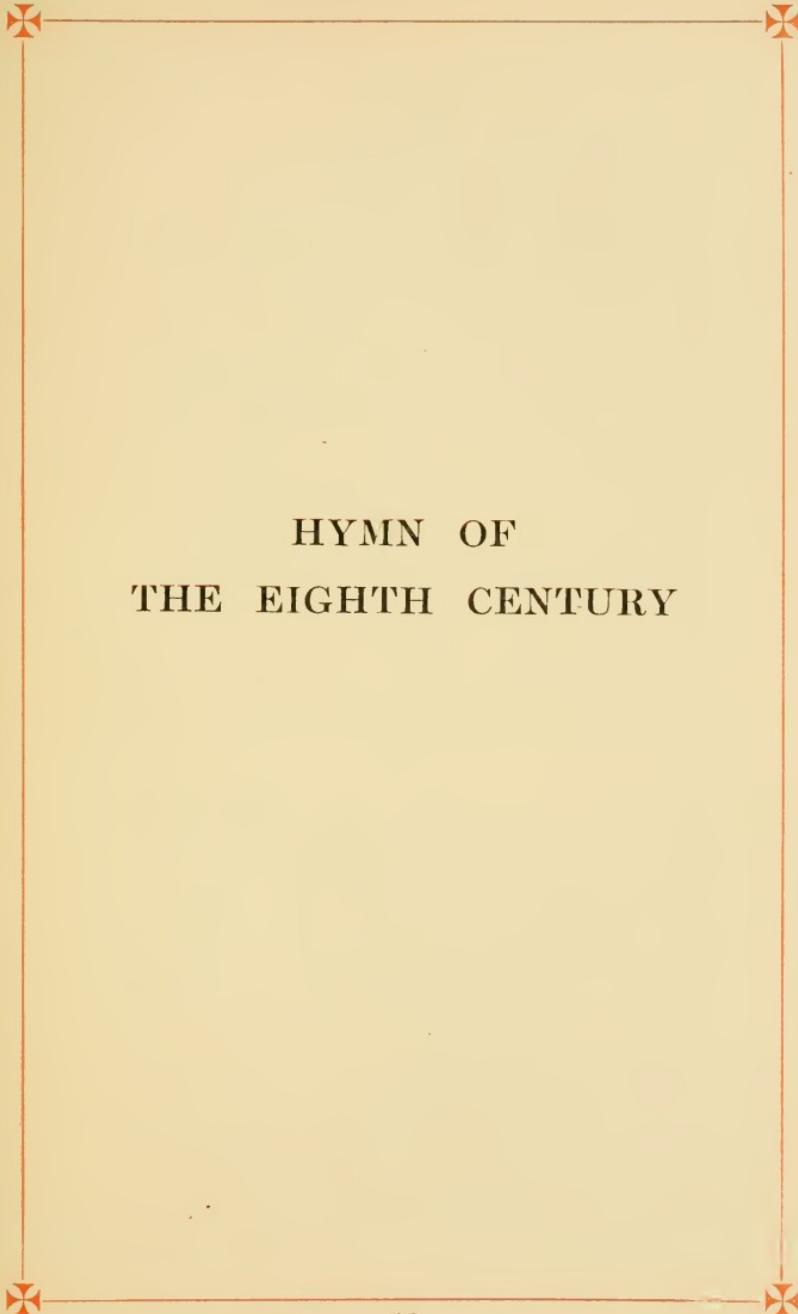
From the York Hymnal.

Hymn for Ascension Day

*By the VENERABLE BEDE.
(A.D. 673 to 735.)*

Tr. by Mrs. RUNDLE-CHARLES. (1858.)

Bede was “The Father of English Learning”—the man who, more than any other, is representative of ancient England.



**HYMN OF
THE EIGHTH CENTURY**

L E N T

WHENCE shall my tears begin ?

What first fruits shall I bear
Of earnest sorrow for my sin ?

Or how my woes declare ?

O Thou, the merciful and gracious One !
Forgive the foul transgressions I have done.

If Adam's righteous doom,

Because he dared transgress

Thy one decree, lost Eden's bloom

And Eden's loveliness,

What recompense, O Lord, must I expect,
Who all my life Thy quickening laws neglect ?

Thou spotless Lamb Divine,

Who takest sins away !

Remove far off the load that mine

Upon my conscience lay :

And of Thy tender mercy, grant Thou me

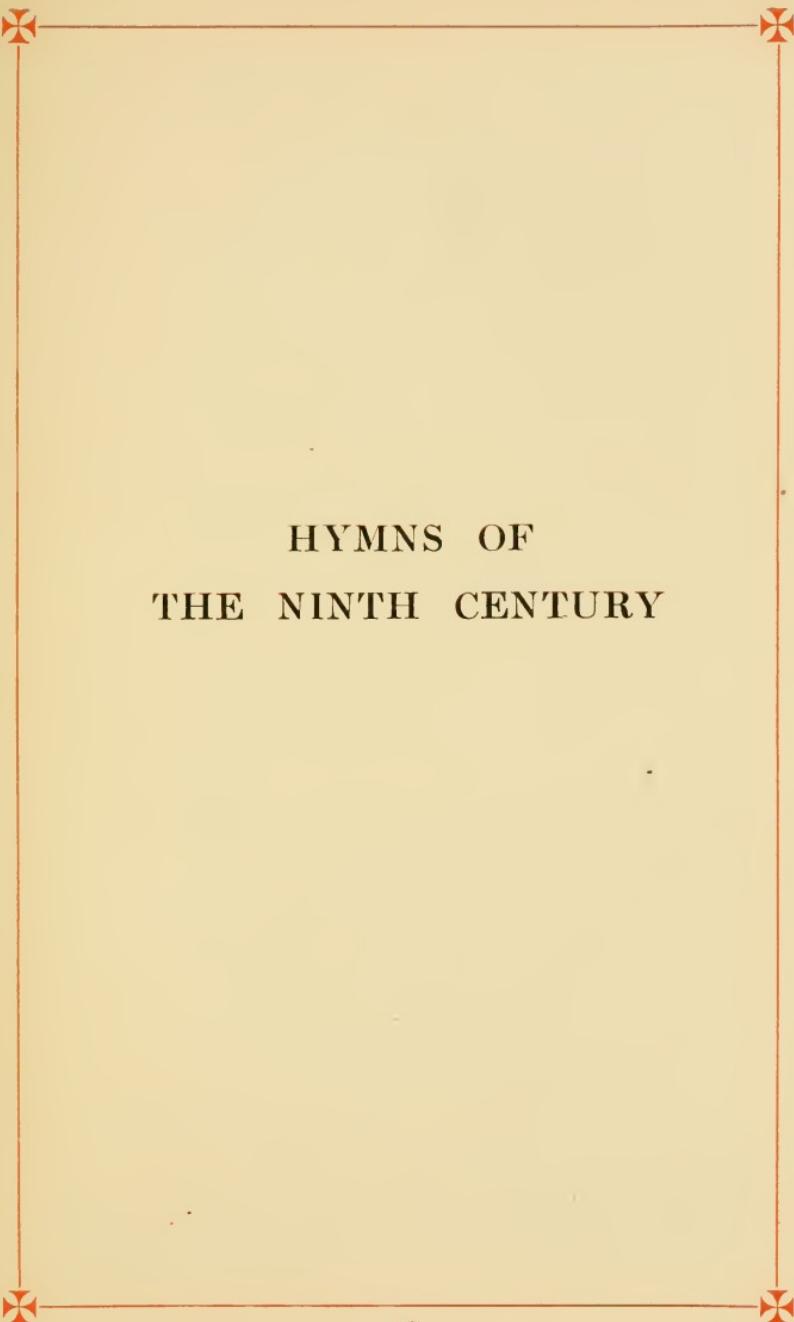
To find remission of iniquity !

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE.

(End of eighth century.)

Tr. by Dr. NEALE. (1862.)

From the Greek Church.



HYMNS OF
THE NINTH CENTURY

HYMN FOR PALM SUNDAY

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring !
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went :
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise :
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Tr. by Dr. NEALE. (1859.)

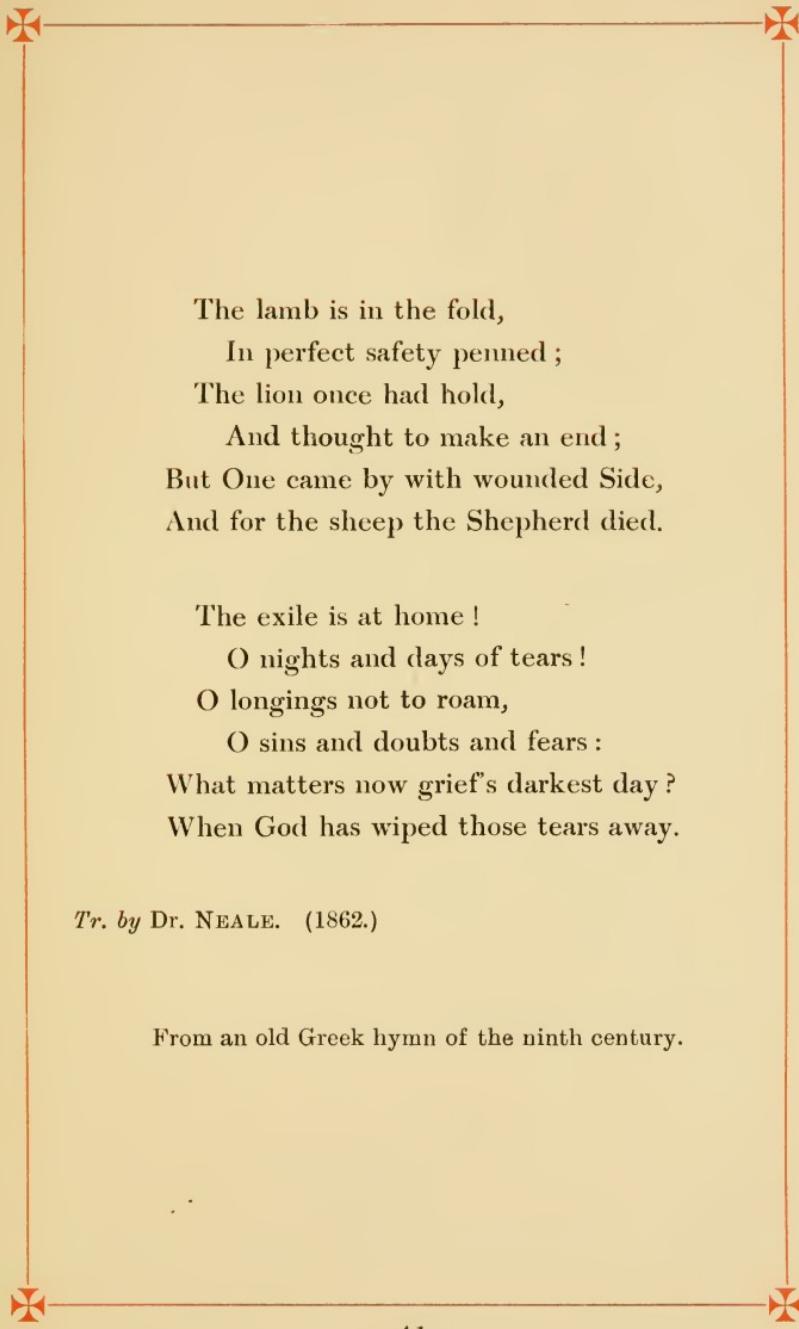
The "Gloria, Laus, et Honor" of Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, who died A.D. 821. Composed during his imprisonment at Angers. This hymn has ever since been constantly sung on Palm Sunday.

“So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.”

SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck ;
But oh ! the joy upon the shore
 To tell the voyage—perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
 The wrestler nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :
But he may smile at troubles gone,
 Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm,
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp ;
And yet how nearly had he failed—
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !



The lamb is in the fold,
 In perfect safety penned ;
The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end ;
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home !
 O nights and days of tears !
O longings not to roam,
 O sins and doubts and fears :
What matters now grief's darkest day ?
When God has wiped those tears away.

Tr. by Dr. NEALE. (1862.)

From an old Greek hymn of the ninth century.

**HYMN OF
THE TENTH CENTURY**

O UNITY of Threefold Light,
Send out Thy loveliest ray,
And scatter our transgressions' night,
And turn it into day.

Make us those temples pure and fair
Thy glory loveth well,
The spotless tabernacles where
Thou may'st vouchsafe to dwell.

And yet Thyself we cannot know,
Nor pierce the veil of light
That hides Thee from the Thrones below
As in profoundest night.

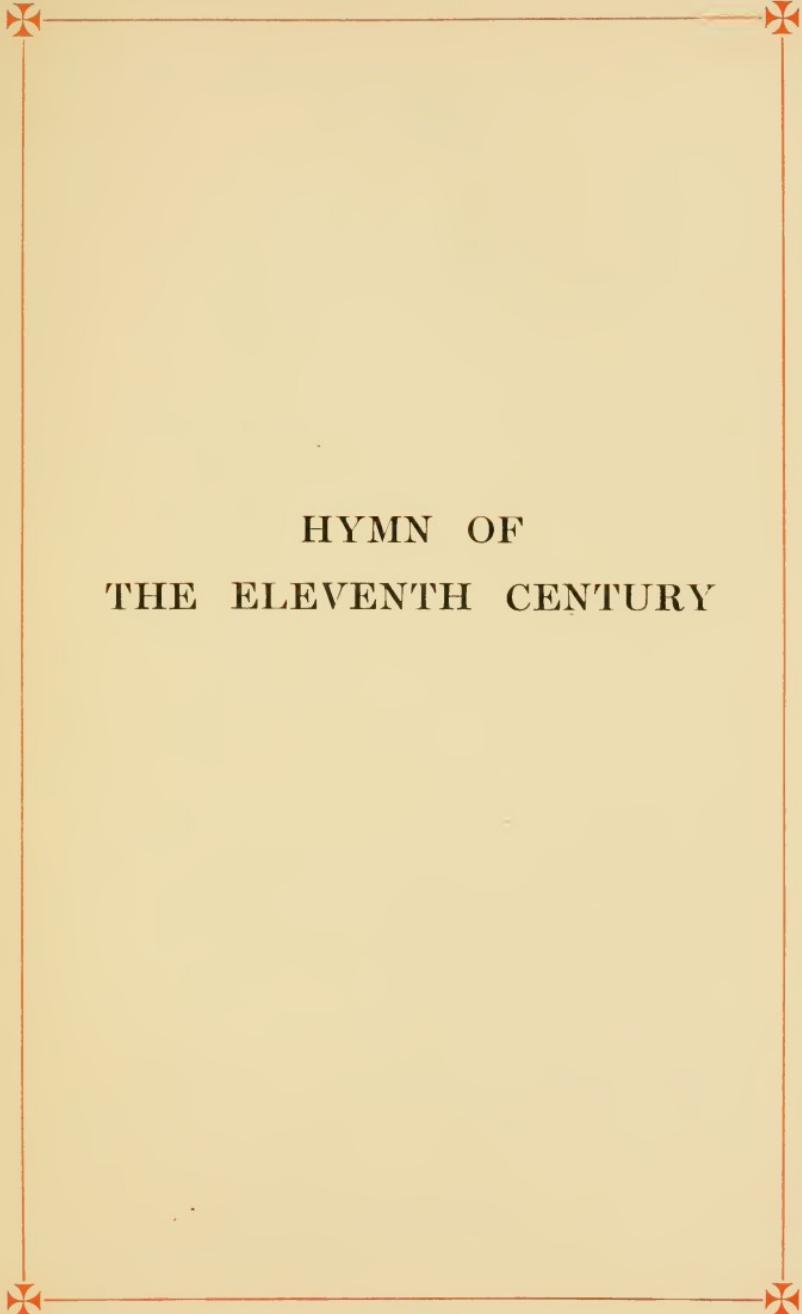
How then can mortal accents frame
Due tribute to the KING?
THOU only while we praise Thy NAME
Forgive us as we sing.

METROPHANES, Bishop of Smyrna.

(Died A.D. 910.)

Tr. by Dr. NEALE. (1862.)

Greek hymn of the tenth century.



HYMN OF
THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

EASTER

YE choirs of New Jerusalem
Your wondrous notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy :

How Judah's Lion burst His chains
And bruised the serpent's head ;
And cried aloud through death's domains,
To wake the imprisoned dead.

Right gloriously He triumphs now,
To Him all power is given ;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

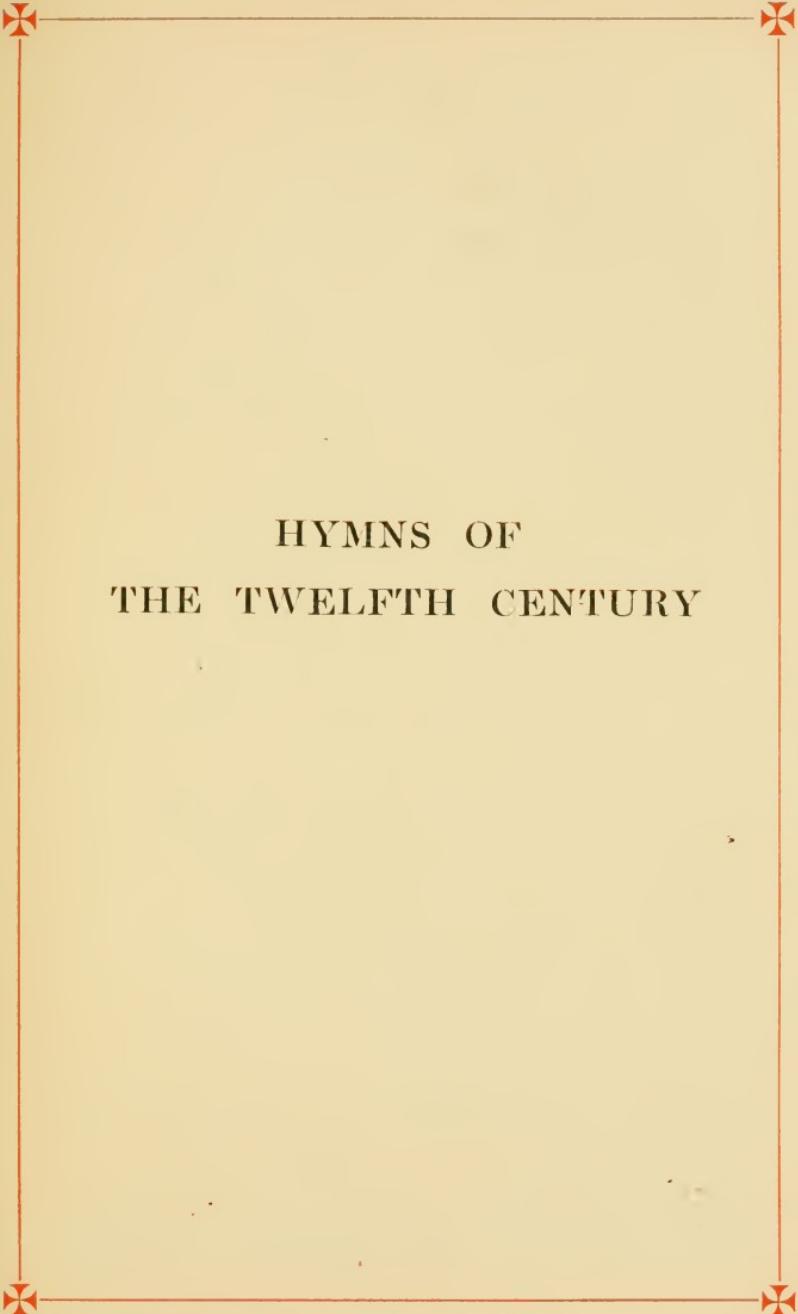
And we, as these His deeds we sing,
His soldiers, Him implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

FULBERT OF CHARTRES.

(Chancellor of the Cathedral. Died A.D. 1028.)

Tr. by R. CAMPBELL. (1850.)

From the Sarum Breviary.



HYMNS OF
THE TWELFTH CENTURY



THE CROWN OF THORNS

PASSION CHORALE

O SACRED HEAD ! once wounded
With grief and pain weighed down,
O Sacred Brow surrounded
With thorns Thine only crown !
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

On me as I am dying
Oh, turn Thy pitying eye !
To Thee for mercy crying,
Before Thy cross I lie.
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour !
For I deserve Thy place,
Look on me with Thy favour
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace !

Be near me, Lord, when dying ;
Oh show Thy Cross to me ;
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free :
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy Love.

Tr. from the Latin into German by PAUL GERHARDT. (1656.)

*Tr. from the German into English by Dr. J. W. ALEXANDER
of America. (1830.)*

From the days of Bernard of Clairvaux, in the twelfth century, to whom it has been attributed, this classical hymn has shown an imperishable vitality. It has been alike sung in Catholic, Lutheran, and Reformed Churches.

JESU ! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

No voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name
O Saviour of mankind !

O Hope of every contrite heart !
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek.

But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
No tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus,—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus ! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be :
In Thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

(About 1140.)

Tr. by E. CASWELL. (1849.)

This is in a MS. of the end of the twelfth century in the Bodleian Museum.

JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good ;
To them that find Thee, All in All !

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

Lord Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy Holy Light.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
(A.D. 1140.)

Tr. by Dr. RAY PALMER. (1858.)

SUNDAY

ETERNAL LIFE

O H what their joy and their glory must be
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see !
Crown for the valiant : to weary ones rest :
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

There where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing :
Whilst for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.

There dawns no Sabbath—no Sabbath is o'er ;
Those Sabbath-keepers have one, evermore ;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all :
Of Whom,—the Father, and in Whom,—the Son ;
Through Whom, and the Spirit with these ever one.

PETER ABELARD.

(Born A.D. 1079.)

Tr. by Dr. NEALE. (1854.)

From a MS. of the twelfth century.

HYMNS OF
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

THE GOLDEN SEQUENCE

“Veni, Sancte Spiritus”

HOLY SPIRIT, come, we pray,
Shed from heaven Thine inward ray,
Kindle darkness into day.

Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Light of hearts for evermore.

Light most blissful! Fire divine!
Fill, oh! fill these hearts of Thine!
On our inmost being shine..

If in Thee it be not wrought,
All in men is simply nought,
Nothing pure in deed and thought.

On the faithful who confide,
Solely in Thyself as Guide,
Let Thy sevenfold gifts abide.

Grant them virtue's full increase,
Grant them safe and sweet release,
Grant them everlasting peace!

Early thirteenth century, the supposed date, though this, like the authorship, must remain uncertain. Called by Archbishop Trench “the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry.”

DIES IRÆ

DIES iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Crucis explicans vexilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus ?

DIES IRAE

D^{AY} of Doom, the last and greatest,
Which the wan^g world awaistest,
Sung by earliest seers and latest.

How shall all men faint for fearing,
When the Judgment Sign appearing
Bids the world to that great hearing.

When, the grave's long silence breaking,
Peals the trump the nations waking,
Round the throne to muster quaking.

Earth herself and Death affrighted,
Open fast their dens benighted,
That the souls may be requited.

Forth are borne the heavy pages
Of the records of all ages,
All men's deeds and all men's wages.

Then the Judge in solemn session
Drags to day each dark confession,
Dooms each vainly-veiled transgression.

Woe is me, for who shall hear me?
What kind saint from Judgment bear me,
While the just stand trembling near me?

DIES IRÆ—(*continued*)

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui Salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis !

Recordare, Jesus pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ ;
Ne me perdas illâ die !

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti cruce passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus !

Juste judex ultiōnis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis !

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus :
Supplicanti parce, Deus !

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

DIES IRAE—(*continued*)

Thou, the King of that dread splendour,
Art the sinners' sole Defender :
Save Thou me, Thou King most tender.

Wrought for me and my salvation
Was Thy lowliest incarnation :
Canst Thou speak my condemnation ?

Thou hast sought me weary, sighing ;
Thou hast bought me by Thy dying ;
Save us on Thy pains relying.

Righteous Judge to save or slay me,
Free of my offences make me,
Ere the reckoning Day o'er take me.

Sin and shame upon me turning
Brand my brow with guilty burning ;
Pity me for pity yearning.

By the Magdalene forgiven,
By the dying Robber shriven,
E'en to me a hope is given.

Judgment halteth not for weeping ;
Yet Thy death's dear merits reaping,
Save me from the fire unsleeping.

DIES IRÆ—(*continued*)

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus ;
Huic ergo parce, Deus !

THOMAS DE CELANO.

(Between A.D. 1230 and 1255.)

Possibly it was as his own life was drawing to a close, and the shadows of the Great Day gathered nearer him, that he poured out his soul in his great hymn—the greatest of all hymns, unless we except the “TE DEUM.”

DIES IRÆ—(*continued*)

From the goats Thy suppliant sever :
With Thy sheep my soul deliver,
Safe at Thy right Hand for ever.

When Thy Face from them is hidden,
When the accurst to flames are chidden,
Let me to Thy house be bidden.

Day of tears and bitter mourning,
When mankind from this world's burning
Rise to sorrow or salvation !
Lord, receive my supplication—
Jesu, Saviour of the world,
Grant us everlasting rest.

THOMAS OF CELANO.

Tr. by ARCHBISHOP BENSON. (1860.)

The oldest MS. in which this Great Sequence is known in this form, is of the fourteenth century, now in the Bodleian Library. There is another thirteenth-century MS. at Zurich, with varied text; also one slightly different in an undated MS. in the British Museum. It was first regarded as an Advent Hymn, but soon brought into the Service for the Dead.

Sir Walter Scott and Goethe both made use of it with great effect. Daniel, in his work on Latin Hymnody, written early in the last century, says, “Even those to whom the hymns of the Latin Church are almost entirely unknown, certainly know this one; and if any one can be found so alien from human nature that they have no appreciation of sacred poetry, yet, as a matter of certainty, even they would give their minds to this hymn, of which every word is weighty, yea, even a thunderclap.”



DIES IRÆ

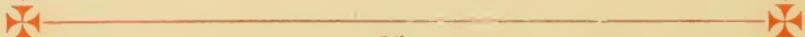
(*Another Translation*)

DAY of Wrath ! O Day of mourning !
See the Son's dread Sign returning ;
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

Oh ! what fear the sinners rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth
On Whose sentence all dependeth.

Wondrous sound the Trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.

Lo the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all has been recorded,
Thence shall Judgment be awarded.



King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity—then befriend us.

Day of sorrow, day of fear
When the summons all shall hear,
And before the Judge appear.

Ah, the day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him.

Lord, all-pitying Jesu blest,
Save the souls with sin opprest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest.

From the Sarum Hymnal. Tr. from Thomas of Celano, 1230. As early as 1285 used in the Church service for the dead. There are not less than 160 English and 90 German translations of this ancient Latin hymn.

THEE we adore, O unseen Saviour ! THEE,
Who in Thy Feast art pleased with us to be.
Both flesh and spirit at Thy Presence fail,
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

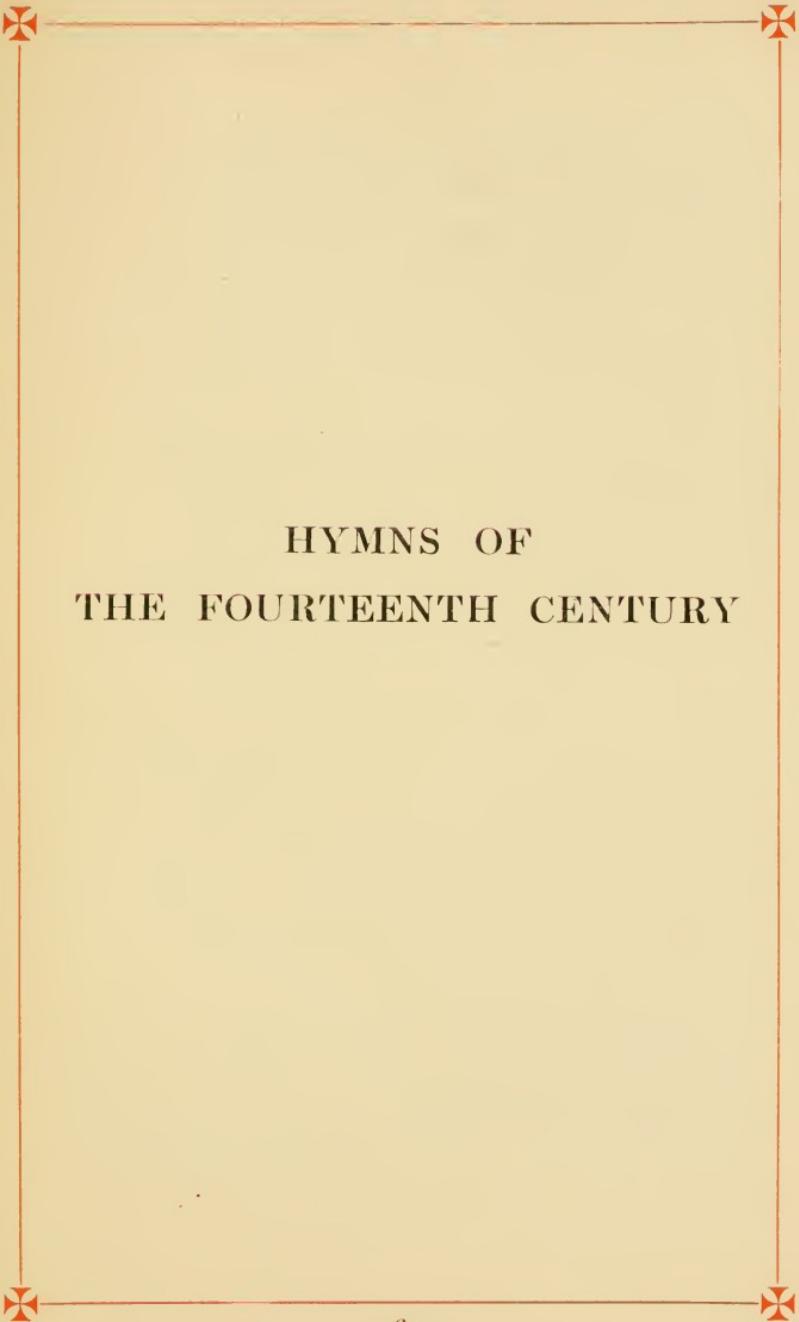
Oh, blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford !
Oh may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be !

Fountain of goodness ! Jesu, Lord and God !
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood ;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy Presence flow.

O Christ ! Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be ;
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy Face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.

THOMAS AQUINAS.
(Born about A.D. 1225.)

Tr. by Bishop WOODFORD of Ely.



HYMNS OF
THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

BY the Cross in anguish sighing,
Where the King of saints hung dying,
Bathed in tears the Mother stood :
Through her heart, with sorrows riven,
Sharp the destined sword was driven
Sharp beyond her worst forebode.

FATHER ! hear my supplication !
Through Thy Son's most bitter Passion,
In His Wounds some part I crave :
Let me by His Cross stand weeping,
Still with Him sad vigil keeping,
On my pathway to the grave !

Jesu ! may Thy Cross defend me !
Through Thy Death salvation send me,
Shield me with Thy grace and love !
When death severs flesh and spirit,
May my soul, through Thee, inherit
Thy bright Paradise above !

This most pathetic hymn of the Middle Ages has been attributed to many authors, from Gregory the Great down to Pope John XXII.; but it is now thought by late manuscript students to have been written by Jacob Benedictus, who lived in the fourteenth century.

The hymn is in two MSS. of 1390.

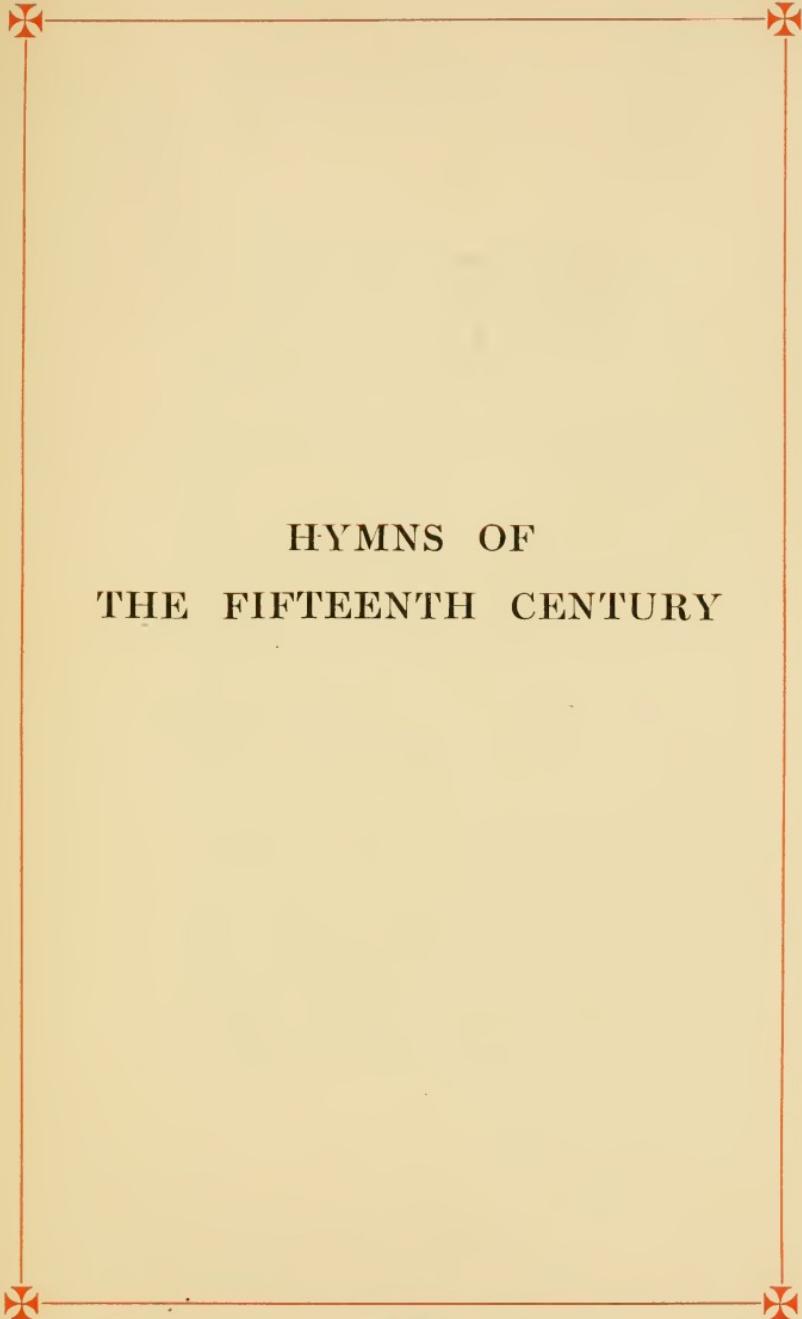
JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant Holy Day,
Who so lately on the Cross
Suffered to redeem our loss.

Hymns of praises let us sing,
Hymns to Christ our heavenly King,
Who endured both Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

In our Paschal joy and feast,
Let the Lord of Life be blest,
Let the Triune God be praised,
And thankful hearts to heaven be raised.

This Easter hymn, by an unknown author, is found in three manuscripts of the fourteenth century.

With the fourteenth century the bright period of Latin hymnody expires.



HYMNS OF
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

IF there be that skills to reckon
 All the number of the blest,
He perchance can weigh the gladness
 Of the Everlasting Rest,
Which, their earthly warfare finished,
They through suffering have possessed.

Through the vale of lamentation,
 Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
 In their memory recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

In a glass through types and riddles
 Dwelling here we see alone ;
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
 We shall know as we are known.
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the Throne.

There the Trinity of persons,
Unbeclouded we shall see :
There the Unity of essence
Shall revealed in glory be,
While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
And the simple Unity.

Therefore, man, take heart and courage,
Whatsoe'er thy present pain ;
Such untold reward through suffering,
It is given thee to attain,
And for ever in His glory,
With the Light of Light to reign.

Tr. by Dr. J. M. NEALE. (1854.) From a manuscript at Karlsruhe of the fifteenth century.

The hymn was chosen for Archbishop Benson's Funeral Service in Canterbury Cathedral in 1896.

ETERNAL LIFE

IN the far celestial land,
Countless angels radiant stand :
Love divine each soul inspires,
With a zeal that never tires ;
Evermore their voices raise,
Joyful hymns of love and praise ;
To the KING, Whose effluence bright,
Gladdens their entrancèd sight.

Clothed in glory like the morn,
On unflagging pinions borne,
Ranged on high in dazzling tiers,
Through the calm unchanging years,
That exultant angel throng
Pours a flood of thrilling song,
“Holy, holy,” still they cry
“Glory to the Lord Most High.”

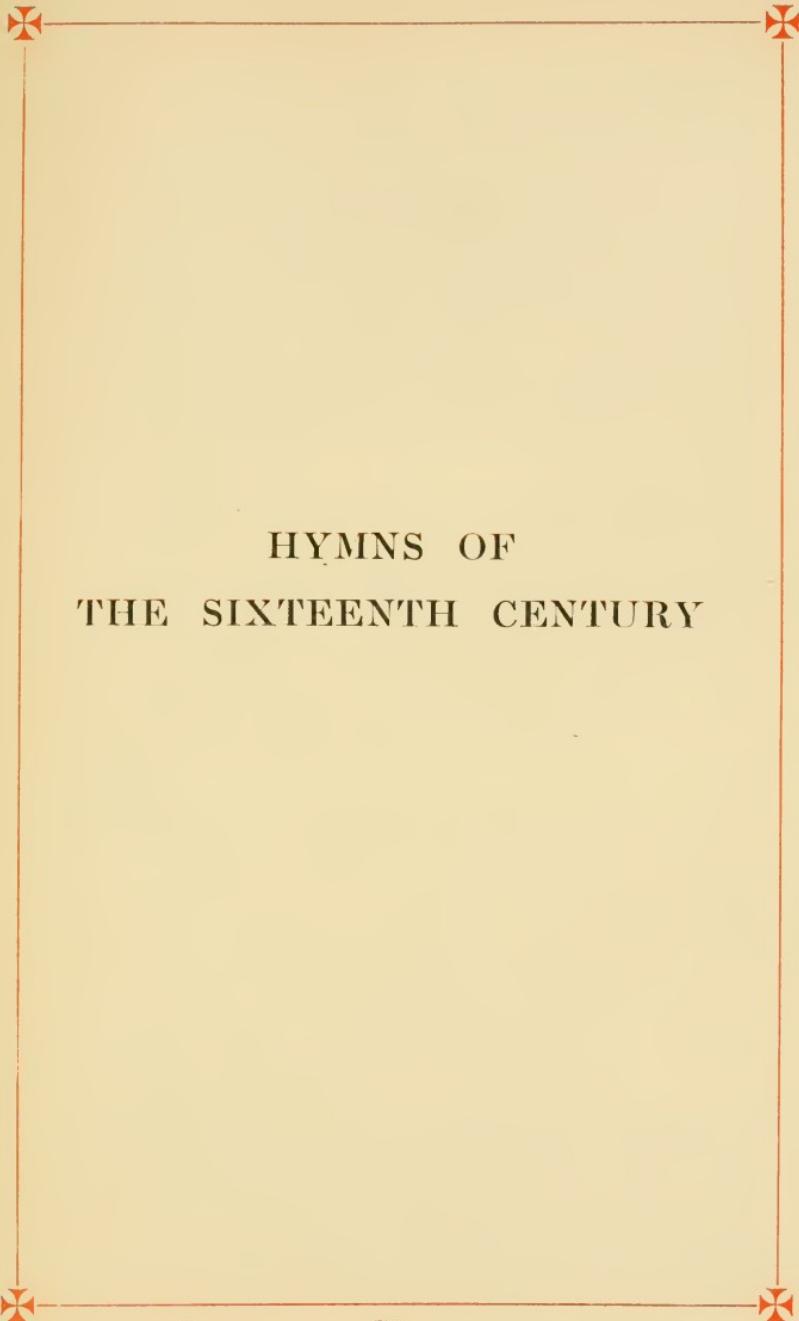
Blessèd Country, home of peace,
Land whose anthems never cease ;
Where the weary faint no more ;
Where the mourners' griefs are o'er :
On whose fair immortal strand
God's own bright and happy band,
Men and angels dwell secure
'Mid the joys that shall endure.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

(Died 1471.)

Tr. by Mrs. H. M. CHESTER. (1871.)

From a fifteenth-century manuscript. The author of “*De Imitatione Christi*” died in 1471; and two centuries after, his remains were disinterred for more honourable burial, in 1672.



HYMNS OF
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

NAME of our triumphant Saviour
By the tongue unspeakable,
Name of gladness passing measure,
To the ear delectable ;
And our safeguard, and our treasure,
And our help from sin and hell.

Christ the Name, by right exalted
Over every other name ;
This, when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame ;
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jesus ! we Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art,
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We with angels may have part !

Author unknown. The hymn is in a sixteenth-century manuscript at Meissen.

Tr. by R. C. SINGLETON. (1867.)

DE PROFUNDIS

O **UT** of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God ! oh hear my prayer !
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair :
If Thou rememberest each misdeed,
If each should have its rightful meed,
Lord, who shall stand before Thee ?

Lord, through Thy love alone we gain,
The pardon of our sin ;
The strictest life is but in vain,
Our works can nothing win,
That none should boast himself of aught,
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
My works I count but dust ;
I build not there, but on His word,
And in His goodness trust.
Up to His care myself I yield,
He is my tower, my rock, my shield,
And for His help I tarry.

And though it tarry till the night,
And round again to morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.
Our trusty loving Shepherd He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

LUTHER. (1524.)

Tr. by Miss C. WINKWORTH. (1855.)

This hymn was sung at the funeral of the Elector Frederick "the Wise" in 1525. Again, in 1546, at Luther's own funeral. And it was the last hymn sung in the Cathedral of Strasbourg before the French captured that city in 1681.



HYMN OF LUTHER

A **SAFE** stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'er taken.

The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of Craft and Power
He beareth in this hour,
On Earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden ;
But for us fights the proper Man
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is His Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son,
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,

 And watching to devour us,

We lay it not to heart so sore,

 Nor can they overpower us.

 And let the Prince of Ill

 Look grim as e'er he will,

 He harms us not a whit :

 For why? His doom is writ,

 A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,

 One moment will not linger,

But spite of Hell shall have its course,

 'Tis written by His Finger.

 And though they take our life,

 Goods, honour, children, wife,

 Yet is their profit small ;

 These things shall vanish all,

 The City of God remaineth.

LUTHER. (1529.)

Tr. by THOMAS CARLYLE. (1831.)

“Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,” called by Heine the Marseillaise Hymn of the Reformation. No copy remains of the tune originally written for it by Luther. His words “were half-battles,” it has been said, with regard to their stern power and ruggedness, “like the sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes.” Carlyle has left on record that after the lapse of three centuries he was the first to render the hymn into English.



THE CHILD'S CHRISTMAS HYMN

GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes,
Who is it in you manger lies?
Who is this Child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-Child lieth there.

Ah dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet temple kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep,
I too must sing with joyful tone
That sweetest ancient cradle song.

Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto me His Son hath given.
While Angels sing with sacred mirth
A glad New Year to all the Earth.

LUTHER. (1535.)

Tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

Written by Luther for his little son Hans.

THE JOYS AND GLORIES OF PARADISE

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no eare, no toil!

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
There is no death, nor trouble known,
But Life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun,
There God Himself gives light!

Hierusalem! Hierusalem!
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker soon to be.

This translation is an undated manuscript of the sixteenth century, now in the British Museum. The authorship is unknown. It has been ascribed to St. Augustine, and is undoubtedly founded on his "Meditations." There were two translations made in the sixteenth century, of which the above is signed by F. B. P., whose identity cannot now be traced.

“Turbabor sed non perturbabor, Quia vulnerum Christi recordabor.”—*St. Augustine.*

WHEN my appointed hour is come
To pass from earth for ever,
Lord Jesus, guide me to my home
Across death’s gloomy river ;
My soul I yield into Thy Hand,
As on life’s margin lone I stand :
Thou wilt from harm defend her.

In number more than sands on shore
Of ocean are my errors,
And they afflict and pain me sore ;
Still death hath lost his terrors,
For Jesus, Lord ! I think of Thee,
Thy wounds, Thy death, endured for me :
Herein is found my comfort.

I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed ;
By hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered.
I'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art,
Live with Thee, from Thee never part ;
Therefore to die is rapture.

And so to Jesus Christ I go,
My longing arms extending ;
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss—leads on
To heaven, to life eternal !

NICOLAUS HERMAN. (Before 1559.)

A chorale from the two last verses here given was ordered by Queen Victoria to be translated for the funeral of the Prince Consort in 1861. The whole hymn was not rendered into English until 1867.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His Courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The God Whom Heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. KETHE. (1560.)

This hymn appeared in the Psalters of England and Geneva almost simultaneously. The melody to which it is always sung, long known as the "Old Hundredth," was composed by Louis Bourgeois, editor of the Psalter of Geneva, 1561.

ETERNAL LIFE

A WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying
Awake, Jerusalem, at last !
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices.

Come forth, ye virgins, night is past !
The Bridegroom comes ; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take,
Hallelujah !

And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,

Her star is risen, her light is come !
Ah, come Thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,

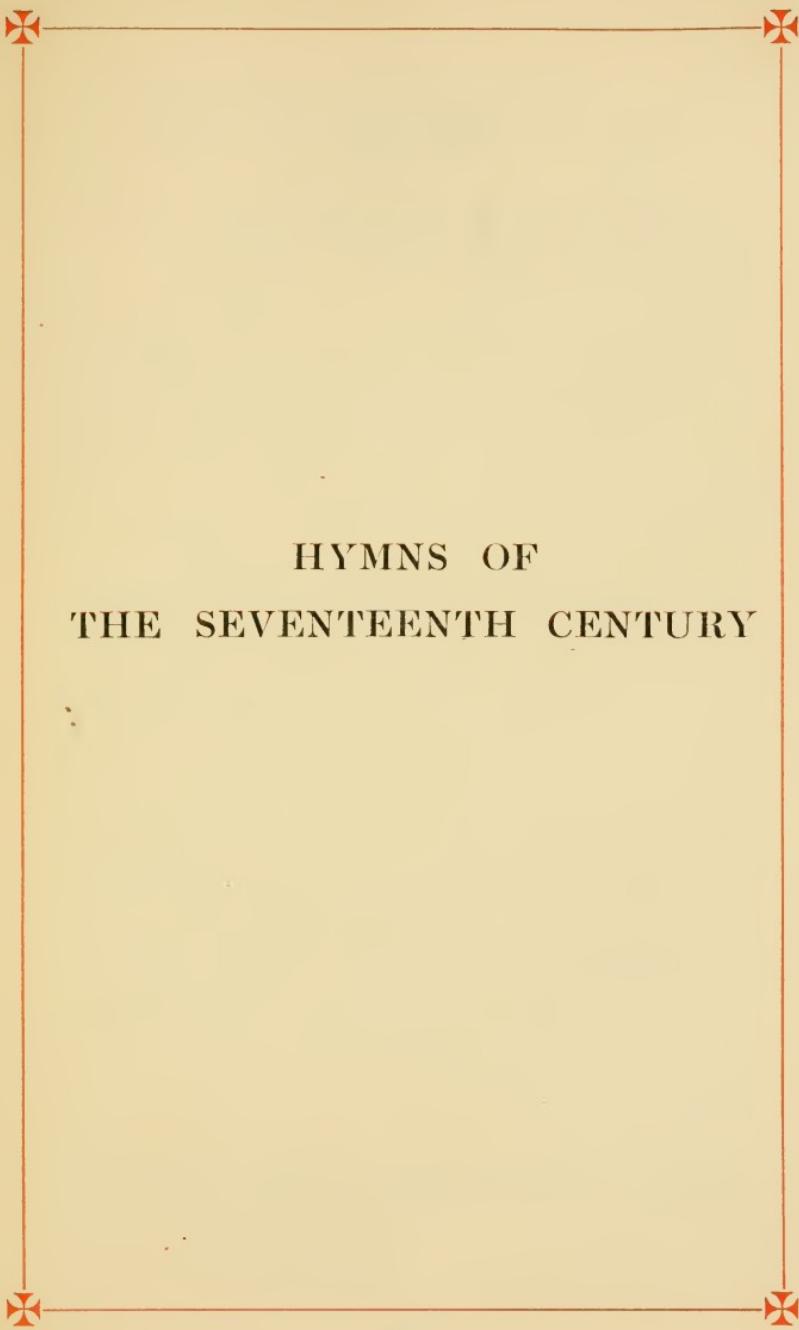
Hallelujah !

We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

Dr. PHILIPP NICOLAI. (1598.)

Tr. by C. WINKWORTH in 1858.

Nicolai was universally esteemed in his time. His hymns are of the first rank, though only four have come into use. He also composed for the above the melody, which has been called "The King of Chorales." It was used by Mendelssohn in his "St. Paul."



HYMNS OF
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun
Which was my sin, though it were none
before ?

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin ? and made my sin their door ?

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun . . .
A year or two, but followed in a score ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

There is a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore ;
And having done that, Thou hast done —
I fear no more.

(1621.) .

This quaint hymn of the early seventeenth century was
written by the saintly Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, and

was often sung in his day, Izaak Walton records, "to a most grave and solemn Lenten tune in the evening service in the old cathedral."

Dr. Donne was so famous as a preacher that he had the offer of fourteen livings during his first year in Holy Orders.

He was called "the glorious preacher." A passage from one of his sermons is added here. It was given in 1625 in Old St. Paul's, before the Great Fire:—

"As my soule shall not goe towards Heaven, but goe by Heaven to the Heaven of Heavens, so the true joy of a good soule in this world is the very joy of Heaven; and we goe thither, not that being without joy we might have joy infused into us, but that, as Christ sayes, our joy might be full, perfected, sealed with an everlastingnesse: for as He promises that no man shall take our joy from us, so neither shall Death it selfe take it away. But I shall see the face of God (for everything shall be a glasse to reflect God upon me); so in Death, and the anguish of that dissolution, in the sorrowes of that valediction, in the irreversiblenesse of that transmigration, I shall have a joy which shall no more evaporate, a joy that shall passe up and put on a more glorious garment above, and be joy superinvested in glory. Amen."



THE LORD'S DAY

O **DAY** most calm, most bright ;
The Fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His Blood ;
The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark but for thy light ;
The torch doth show the way.

Sundays the pillars are
On which Heaven's palace archèd lies ;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities :
They are the fruitful beds and borders
Of God's rich garden ; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make Bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the Eternal glorious King :
On Sundays Heaven's gate stands ope :
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than ^{the} hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His,
With the same shake which at His passion
Did the earth, and all things with it move ;
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's Hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day,
He sullies by our foul offence ;
Wherefore the robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of Blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

GEORGE HERBERT. (1632.)

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend :
In all I do be Thou the Way—
In all be Thou the End.

All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done to obey Thy Laws,
Even servile labours shine :
Hallowed all toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

GEORGE HERBERT. (1632.)

Altered by JOHN WESLEY. (1738.)

In his quaint way Izaak Walton says: "The good George Herbert seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven; so that, whereas he lived among sinners, he yet pleased God, and was beloved of Him, so that He translated him."

MORNING HYMN

SINCE Thou hast added now, O Lord,
Unto my life another day,
And givest me leave to walk abroad,
 And labour in my lawful way ;
My walks and works with me begin,
Conduct me forth, and bring me in.

Let sin nor Satan's fraud prevail
 To make mine eye of reason blind,
Or faith, or hope, or love to fail,
 Or any virtues of the mind ;
But more and more let them increase,
And bring me to mine end in peace.

But guard Thou safe my heart in chief,
 That neither hate, revenge, nor fear,
Nor vain desire, vain joy, or grief,
 Obtain command or dwelling there :
And Lord ! with every saving grace,
 Still true to Thee maintain that place !

So till the evening of this morn
 My time shall then so well be spent,
That when the twilight shall return
 I may enjoy it with content,
And to Thy praise and honour say,
 That this hath proved a happy day.

GEORGE WITHER. (1641.)

Most of his best verse was composed in prison, where he was first consigned, for political reasons, by King James I. Wither was a devoted son of the Church, but was also greatly liked by the Puritans.



SUNSETTING

BEHOLD the Sun that seemed but now
 Enthronèd overhead,
Beginneth to decline below
 The globe whereon we tread ;
And he whom yet we look upon
 With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
 And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away
 The life which nature gave ;
Thus are our bodies every day
 Declining to the grave :
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
 Whereon we set our heart ;
And when the night of death draws nigh
 Thus will they all depart.

Lord ! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain ;
Let still Thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain !
And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
For ever brightly shine.

GEORGE WITHER. (1641.)

"It is a loss to the Church of England, of whom Wither was a devoted son to the close of his life, that not more of his hymns have found their way into our hymnals."—*Dr. Grosart.*

Of this hymn Canon Julian has written that "its use is by no means equal to its merits."

Wither, often imprisoned, was "a sufferer almost to martyrdom, both for his loyalty and his orthodoxy, in the troublous times in which he lived."—*Montgomery.*

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Great Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Great Spirit, comfort me !

When the house does sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Good Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Kind Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Great Spirit, comfort me !

ROBERT HERRICK.
(Born 1591.)

From his "Noble Numbers," published in 1647.

Herrick was one of the clergy ejected during the Commonwealth, but reinstated at the Restoration.



THE SUMMER TIME

EARTH hath nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's Form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

When the daybeams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' Light,
Think how bright that Light will be,
Shining through eternity.

Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal Thyself to me :
Let me 'midst Thy radiant Light
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Let Thy Deity profound
Me in heart and soul surround,
From my heart its idols chase,
Weaned from joys of time and place.

Come, Lord Jesus ! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
Then to me the powers impart
To behold Thee as Thou art !

ANGELUS SILESIUS.

(About 1650.)

Tr. by F. E. Cox.

Amongst sacred poets Silesius is considered in the first rank, and the most gifted and deeply reverent of the Roman Catholic hymn-writers who have appeared since the Reformation. His hymns, however, were still more widely used in the Lutheran Church.

HAPPY are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed,
In God's keeping safely lie,
These the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest ;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

Followed by their works they go,
Where their Head is gone before ;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace has opened mercy's door ;
Fuller joys ordained to know,
Waiting for the last Great Day,
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
Rise, to judgment come away.

Absent from our Loving Lord
We shall not continue long ;
Join we, then, with one accord
In the new, the joyful song.
Blessing, honour, thanks and praise,
Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Who in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory.

JOHANN GEORG ALBINUS.
(Born 1625; died in 1679.)

This has been called "A pearl in the Treasury of Song."

THE LAST HYMN

MINE hour appointed is at hand,
Lord Jesus Christ, attend me ;
Beside my bed, my Saviour, stand,
To comfort, help, defend me.
Into Thy Hands I will commend
My trembling soul at my last end,
How safe in Thy dear keeping !

Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins are thronging round me,
But though they grieve and wound me sore,
They cannot yet confound me.
Lord, when I die, I die to Thee.
Thy precious Death hath won for me
A life that never endeth.

Since Thou hast risen from the Grave,
The grave cannot detain me ;
I sleep in Thee, and rest so still,
No mortal man can wake me !
For Christ the Lord my soul doth wait
To open me the Heavenly Gate
Which leads to Life Eternal.

NICHOLAS HERMAN. (1651.)

Tr. by R. MASSIE.

JESUS my Redeemer lives,
Christ my trust is dead no more ;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought ?

Jesus my Redeemer lives,
And His life I once shall see ;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is, I too shall be—
Shall I fear, then ? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead ?

I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know,—
Not another shall I rise,
With his love this heart shall glow.
Only then shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

LUISE HENRIETTA. (1653.)

Electress of Brandenburg, Mother of
King Frederick I. of Prussia.

(Tr. by Miss C. WINKWORTH in 1855.)

A Princess of Orange. She was of noble character, and devoted herself towards promoting peace between the opposing Church parties of the day. The Foundress also of the Oranienberg Orphanage in Berlin.

To the Hymn-book which the Electress caused to be edited in 1653, she herself contributed four hymns.



IN PARADISE

THEY are all gone into a world of Light !

And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the Jewel of the Just, |
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ? ;
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may
know
At first sight, if the bird be flown,
But what fair field, or grove, he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep !

If a star were shut up within a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gave room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Rescue my spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot, and fill
My perspective, still as they pass :
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN. (1655.)

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His Hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause, His Ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart !
Still sink thy spirits down !
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every fear be gone.

What though thou rulest not ?
Yet Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the Throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
Our hearts are known to Thee :
Oh ! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy Love and guardian care.

PAUL GERHARDT. (1656.)

Tr. by JOHN WESLEY. (1739.)

This was sung by Queen Louise of Prussia, 5th December 1806, when, in the dark days under Napoleon, she and her children had taken refuge at Ortelsburg.

“Truly a hymn which is surrounded by a cloud of witnesses.”—*Lauxmann.*

NOTHING fair on earth I see
But I straightway think of Thee ;
Thou art fairest in mine eyes,
Source in whom all beauty lies.

On Thy light I think at morn
With the earliest break of dawn,
Think what glories lie in Thee,
Light of all Eternity.

When I watch the moon arise
'Mid heaven's thousand glorious eyes,
Then I think more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon star.

Or I cry in Spring's sweet hours
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I see,
What must their Creator be !

When along the brook I wander,
Or beside the fountain ponder,
Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
Up to Thee, the purest Fount.

Take away then what could blind
Unto Thee my soul and mind ;
Henceforth ever let my heart
See Thee, Saviour, as Thou art !

ANGELUS SILESIUS. (1657.)

Tr. by Miss WINKWORTH. (1855.)

1

COMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief!
And my Soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to Heaven her flight.

2

Though to-day may not fulfil
All the hopes, have patience still ;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun ;
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
When whate'er we asked is ours.

3

Every sorrow, every smart
 That the Eternal Father's heart
 Hath appointed me of yore,
 Or hath yet for me in store,
 As my life flows on I'll take
 Calmly, gladly for His sake,
 No more faithless murmurs make.

4

I will meet distress and pain,
 I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
 I will lay me in the grave
 With a heart still glad and brave ;
 Whom the strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts His friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.

PAUL GERHARDT. (1659.)

Tr. by C. WINKWORTH. (1855.)

Gerhardt was Archdeacon at Lübben, and ranks next to Luther as the most gifted amongst the hymnists of Germany.

ALAS! that I not earlier knew Thee,
Whom no man ever fully knows!

That I not earlier clave unto Thee,
Thou highest bliss and true repose!
O how my heart with sorrow burns
That it so late to love Thee learns!

I went astray in passion's mazes,
I sought but found Thee not—my sight
Was dazed with earthly glories' blazes,
Enamoured of created light.
But now at length—all praise to Thee!
Through faith Thy beauteous Face I see.

True Sun, I thank Thee that hast given
The glorious light of truth to me,
I thank Thee, holy joy of Heaven,
That Thou hast made me glad and free.
I thank Thee, O Thou Power Divine,
That kindlest this new life of mine!

This hymn was suggested by a touching passage in St. Augustine's Confessions, "Too late have I come to Thee."

JOHANN SCHEFFLER.
(Called Angelus Silesius. 1624 to 1677.)

The author takes a very high rank in hymnody. He was a poet perfect in style and rhythm, and with deep reverential feeling. Seventy-nine of his hymns are in the Lutheran books; after he joined the Roman Church he added many more, and is looked upon as the best hymnist of that Church since the Reformation.

RESURRECTION

MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is Life, He'll raise
My dust again ! even mine.

My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that great day ;
I wake from my long sleep
And leave my bed of clay.

My Lord His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.

I said sometimes with tears,
“ Ah me ! I am loth to die.”
Lord, silence Thou these fears :
My life's with Thee on high.

What means my trembling heart
To be thus shy of death ?
My life and I ne'er part
Though I resign my breath.

Then welcome, harmless grave !
By thee to heaven I'll go ;
My Lord His death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

Dr. SAMUEL CROSSMAN.
(Dean of Bristol. 1664.)



THE MORNING HYMN

AWAKE, my soul, and with the Sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if the last ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to our Eternal King.

By influence of the Light Divine
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

I wake ! I wake ! ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend !

Lord, I to Thee my vows renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

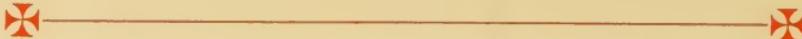
Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design to do or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
To Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN.

This hymn, and also the Evening and Midnight Hymns, were written at Winchester before 1674, and afterwards included in the "Manual for the Scholars."

See Appendix, pp. 269 and 270.



THE EVENING HYMN

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed !
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh ! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply.
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive !
I am but half my time alive :
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To be so long of Thee bereaved.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, angelic Host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN. (1674.)

The doxology has been universally adopted. It was an original composition of Ken's, and in no sense a translation from those in Latin, already familiar to the Church.

MIDNIGHT HYMN

MY GOD, now I from sleep awake
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure
And guard my heart from thoughts impure!

Bless'd angels while we silent lie
Their hallelujahs sing on high;
And joyful hymn the Ever-blest
Before the Throne and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell
And bid the night and world farewell.

O may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand:
May I in sight of Heaven rejoice
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

O Saviour, Thou on Heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent!
But I, frail creature, soon am tired
And all my zeal is soon expired.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice!
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out
And make my very dreams devout!

BISHOP KEN. (1674.)

It was in this year that the Manual was first published, but the hymns had been in constant use by the scholars of Winchester, for some time before.



THE PASSING SOUL

1

AND now, at last, the hour is come
That I have longed for many a time,
When God with joy shall call me home,
From this strange land, this wintry clime.
Thy victim, Death, escapes no more,
The hour draws on when I shall be
Where life's long battle shall be o'er,
With all the bonds of earth set free.

2

It lacketh now a few short hours,
And I am in Eternity.
The wreath of fadeless heavenly flowers
Is twined already there for me ;
The crown is waiting for me there
Until the fight is wholly fought,
And all my soul is thither caught
Where shining Palms the conquerors bear.

3

But when that morning shall appear,
 When our great Judge, the Son of God,
 Shall give to those who loved Him here
 Their gracious, undeserved reward,
 Then in the glorious halls above,
 I too among that host shall stand
 And take from His all-faithful Hand
 The Crown of Righteousness, of love.

4

Nor shall I yonder stand alone,
 I see that crownèd host appear,
 The mighty host before His Throne
 Who shine for ever pure and clear ;
 The souls of those who on their way
 Still hour by hour were longing here,
 With burning love and many a tear,
 To see the glories of His Day.

Dr. P. J. SPENER. (1674.)

A Court Chaplain who greatly moulded the religious life of his time. His hymns are nine in number.

THE EVERLASTING REST

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, oh make me glad
The longer to obey ;
If short—no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before,
He that unto God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed Face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be !

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
And I shall be with Him.

Rev. RICHARD BAXTER. (1681.)

When Chaplain to Charles II. Baxter refused the Bishopric of Hereford, and after the death of the King joined the Nonconformists.

"I have made a psalm of praise in the holy assembly the chief delightful exercise of my religion and my life, and have helped to bear down all the objections which I have heard against church music, and against the Psalms."—*Richard Baxter.*

THE LORD'S DAY

BLEST Day of God, most calm, most bright,

The first and best of days ;

The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,

A day of joy and praise.

My Saviour's Face did make thee shine,

His rising did thee raise ;

This made thee heavenly and divine

Beyond the common days.

The first fruits do a blessing prove

Of all the sheaves behind ;

So they who do the Sabbath love

A happy week shall find.

This holy day doth saints enrich

And smiles upon them all ;

It is their Pentecost on which

The Holy Ghost doth fall.

Rev. JOHN MASON. (1683.)

This writer's hymns are amongst the earliest that came into use in the Church of England.

SUNDAY

MY LORD, my God, was crucified,
He all the pains did bear,
But in the stillness of His rest
He makes His servants share.
How calmly rest Thy saints above
Which in Thy bosom lie :
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

Thou, Lord, dost daily feed Thy sheep,
Dost make a weekly feast ;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest :
Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love,
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !

I bless Thy wise and wondrous love
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares
That we may come to Thee.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace.
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's Face.

Rev. JOHN MASON. (1683.)

EASTER EVE

R^{EST} of the weary ! Thou
Thyself art resting now
Where lowly in Thy sepulchre Thou liest !
From out her deathly sleep
My soul doth start to weep ;
So sad a wonder that the Saviour diest !

Thy bitter anguish o'er,
To their dark tomb they bore
Thee, Life of Life—Thee, Lord of all creation !
The hollow, rocky cave
Must serve Thee for a Grave
Who wast Thyself the Rock of our Salvation.

O Prince of Life ! I know
That when I too lie low
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken ;
Wherfore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink ;
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.



To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room
Where I may rest in peace from sorrow free.
Thy death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour,
O Death, O Grave, where is your victory ?

The grave can nought destroy,
Only the flesh shall die,
And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay :
Clothed in thy wondrous might
In robes of dazzling light
This flesh shall burst the grave at that last Day.

Lord Jesus, day by day
Help me to watch and pray
Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou art laid ;
Thy bitter death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last throughout death's awful shade.

SALOMO FRANCK. (About 1685.)

A hymnist of much repute in Germany, where about 330 of his hymns are still in common use. Only eight of these have been translated into English.

Tr. by Miss C. WINKWORTH. (1855.)



ALL SAINTS' DAY

WITH hymns the heavenly courts are ringing;
We, exiles from our country, weep
And silence from glad singing
Our harps suspended keep.

When shall the soul, her fetters burst,
Be joined to those assemblies bright ;
All darkness then dispersed,
Her dwelling place Heaven's light ?

Far off shall all dim fancies flee,
When to light's glory brought more near,
Without a cloud we see
Truth in her Fountain clear.

If, blessed Saints, ye watch our pain,
Still striving amid stormy waves,
Pray, that safe port we gain
Through Christ, Who only saves.

Praise to the Father, Source of All !
The Son, Repairer of our Fall !
And the blest Spirit's name,
Who doth our hearts inflame !

JEAN B. SANTEÜIL. (1686.)

Tr. by the late LORD SELBORNE.

THE MORNING HOUR

COME, my soul, thou must be waking ;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day :
Come to Him who made this splendour ;
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning :
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended ;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldest pursue.

May'st thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

BARON VON CANITZ. (1690.)

"His life," wrote Dr. Arnold of Rugby, "had been distinguished alike by genius and worldly distinctions, as well as by Christian holiness : who, as the dawn broke into his sick chamber on the last morning of his life, prayed that he might be supported to the window to look once more upon the Sun. 'Oh ! if the earthly and created,' he said, 'is so beautiful and quickening, what will be the sight of the unspeakable glory of the Creator Himself?' That effort was his last. He died that same day, August 11, 1699."

SANCTUS

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
In deep abasement we
To sing Thy holiness accord,
And join in praise to Thee.

Holy art Thou in all Thy ways ;
Thy works are holy too ;
And none but those shall see Thy Face
That holiness pursue.

Thy holiness immensely bright
Through worlds unknown must shine ;
The rays too strong for angels' sight,
Too glorious and divine !

But round Thy Throne this sacred throng
For ever veiled adore,
And holy, holy, is their song,
Lord God, for evermore !

DRYDEN. (1690.)

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine ?

I sigh to think of happier days
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh ;
When every heart was tuned to praise
And none more blest than I.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE AND BRADY. (1696.)

Alt. by Rev. H. F. LYTE. (1854.)

This hymn has been included in the modern Roman Catholic Hymnary, as well as "When I survey the wondrous Cross," by Dr. Watts.



AT THE CROSS

MY Guardian, own me Thine ;
My Shepherd,—bear me home ;
O fount of mercy, source divine,
From Thee what blessings come !

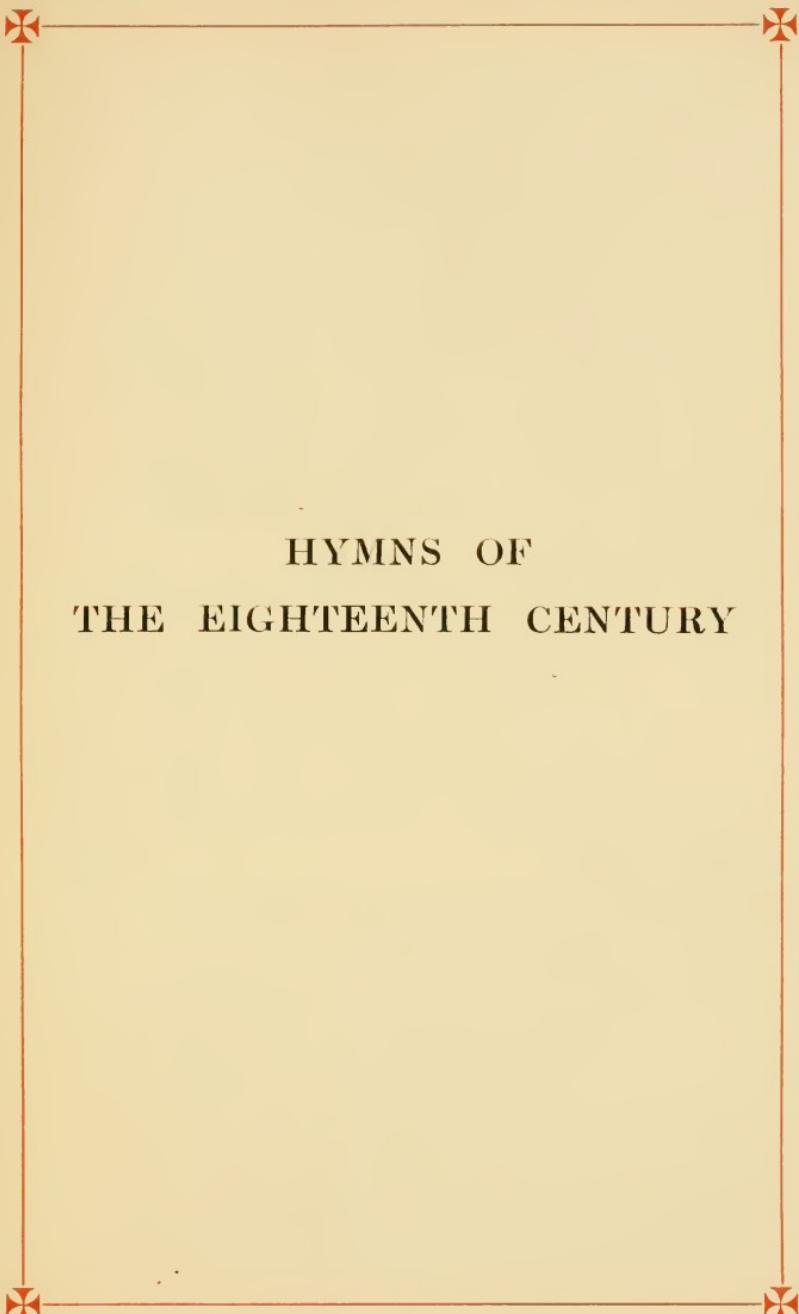
Grant me as true a faith
As Thou art true to me,
That so the icy sleep of death
Be but a rest in Thee.

Come to me ere I die,
My comfort and my shield ;
And, gazing on Thy Cross, can I
Calmly my spirit yield.

On Thee when life is past
My darkening eyes shall dwell,
My heart in faith shall hold Thee fast ;
Who dieth thus, dies well.

From *Lyra Germanica*.





HYMNS OF
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



EPIPHANY

IS thy heart athirst to know
That the King of heaven and earth
Deigns to dwell with man below,
Yea, hath stooped to mortal birth ?
Search the World with ceaseless care,
Till thou find this treasure there.

With the sages from afar
Journey on o'er sea and land,
Till thou see the Morning Star
O'er thy heart unchanging stand ;
Then shalt thou behold His Face,
Full of mercy, truth and grace.

For if Christ be born within,
Soon that likeness shall appear,
Which the heart had lost through sin,
God's own image fair and clear ;
And the soul serene and bright
Mirrors back His heavenly light.

Jesus, let me seek for nought
But that Thou shouldst dwell in me ;
Let this only fill my thought,
How I may grow liker Thee,—
Winning, Lord, Thy blessings rife
Through the calm, eternal Life.

With the wise who know Thee right,
Though the world accounts them fools,
I will praise Thee day and night,
I will order by Thy rules
All my life, that it may be
Filled with praise and love of Thee.

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.
(About A.D. 1700.)

Tr. by Miss C. WINKWORTH. (1858.)



THE PILGRIM'S HYMN

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth,
And as He lives, His life is mine :
Were death before my eyes, He giveth
Relief from fear by grace divine.
And since my Saviour now is risen,
Death's bands can me no more imprison.

Oh ! when will come those hours of sweetness ;
 Oh ! when will come the beauteous time,
When, burdens gone, I having meetness,
 Shall reach the calm, untroubled clime ?
'Mid heavenly pastures grace unfolding,
My own dear Saviour there beholding.

My Lord, when wilt Thou hear this groaning,
 When to Thy joy receive Thy child ?
When comes the day of public owning,
 Crowning those brows by shame defiled ?
Salvation come and joy abounding,
Thy praise all heaven will be resounding.

ERDMANN NEUMEISTER. (1700.)

Tr. by Rev. W. REID, M.A. (1872.)

“By Thine unknown sufferings, Good Lord deliver us.”

(*From the Greek Litany.*)

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His Body on the Tree :
Then am I dead to all the globe
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

This hymn, which has been called "the masterpiece of impassioned contemplation," is one of the four that have the most universal acceptance, and are the most widely used, in the English language.

It is here given as originally written by Dr. Watts in 1707.

During 150 years it became so much altered by compilers, especially in nine different hymnals which had appeared, that in 1866 the late Lord Selborne in his "English Church Hymnody" said, referring to these alterations, that "there was just enough of Watts left to remind one of the saying of Horace, that you may know the remains of a poet even when he is torn in pieces."

A CHILD PILGRIM

WOULDST be happy, little child ?

Be thou innocent and mild ;
Like the patient lamb and dove,
Full of sweetness, full of love.
Modestly thy looks compose,
Sweet and blushing like the rose.

When in gardens thou dost play,
In the pleasant flowery May,
And art driven by sudden showers,
From the fresh and fragrant flowers ;
Think, how short that pleasure is
Which the world esteemeth bliss.

When the fruits are sour and green,
Come not near them, be not seen
Touching, tasting, till the Sun
His sweet ripening work hath done.
Think, how harsh thy nature is
Till Heaven ripen thee for bliss.

Or lest thou should'st drop away
Like the leaf that fell to-day ;
Still be ready to depart,
Love thy God with all thy heart ;
Then thou wilt ascend on high
From Time to Eternity.

Paradise is sweeter there
Than the flowers and roses here ;
Here's a glimpse, and then away,
There 'twill be for lasting day,
Where thou ever in Heaven's spring
Shalt with saints and angels sing.

BISHOP HICKES. (1708.)

The Nonjuring Bishop. Translator of Fénelon for children, and an early writer of hymns for the young.

WHITSUNTIDE

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove ;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of Truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way ;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray ;
Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God ;
Lead to Thy Word that rules must give
And sure directions how to live.

Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be ;
Here to His Family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

SIMON BROWNE. (1720.)

Few hymns have been through more changes than this. Many texts are in use, each differing more or less from the other. It is given here in the original form.

SONG OF REST

MY soul hath found the steadfast ground,
There ever shall my anchor hold.

That ground is in my Saviour Christ,

Before the world was from of old,—

And that sure ground shall be my stay

When heaven and earth shall pass away.

That ground is Thine Eternal Love,—

The love which through all ages burns ;

The open arms of Mercy stretched

To meet the sinner who returns ;

The Love that calleth everywhere,

If men will hear, or will forbear.

Oh deep, deep sea, where all our sins

By Christ are cast and found no more !

There is no condemnation now,

The Lord hath healed our deadly sore,

Because the voice of Jesus' Blood

Still cries for mercy unto God.

Lord Christ, Thou art my steadfast Rock

So long as on the earth I dwell,—

Oh may each thought and word and work

Of Thy redeeming mercy tell,

Till I shall sing to Thee above,

Oh endless depth of saving Love.

JOHANN ANDREAS ROTHE. (1727.)

Tr. by Mrs. BEVAN. (1858.)

VIA CRUCIS

MY whole desire
Doth deeply turn away
Out of all time, unto eternal day.
I give myself and all I call my own
To Christ for ever, to be His alone.

Now, O my God,
My comfort, portion, rest !
Thou, none but Thou, shalt reign within my breast.
Call me to Thee ! call me Thyself—oh speak
And bind my heart to Thee, Whom most I seek !

Then let me dwell
But as a pilgrim here :
One to whom earth seems distant—heaven more
near,
Let this my joy, my life, my life-work, be,
To die to self, to live, my God, to Thee.

Thou art my King,
My King henceforth alone ;
And I Thy servant, Lord, am all Thine own—
Give me Thy strength : oh let Thy dwelling be
In this poor heart, that pants, my Lord, for Thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. (1729.)

Tr. by A. WARNER. (1869.)

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each cherished idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

Is not Thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's Voice to hear ?

Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With Angels round the Throne,
To execute Thy sacred Will,
And make Thy glory known ?

Thou knowest I love Thee, Holy Lord,
And know I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Dr. DODDRIDGE. (1730.)

LENT

JESU, pitying Saviour, hear me,
Draw Thou near me,
Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me ;
For Thou knowest all my sorrow.
Night and morrow
Doth my cry go up to Thee.

Sin of courage hath bereft me,
And hath left me
Scarce a spark of faith or hope ;
Bitter tears my heart oft sheddeth
As it dreadeth
I am past Thy mercy's scope.

Here I bring my will ; oh, take it,
Thine, Lord, make it,
Calm this troubled heart of mine ;
In Thy strength I too may conquer,
Wait no longer,
Show in me Thy grace Divine.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. (1731.)

Tr. by Miss C. WINKWORTH. (1858.)

O THOU, Who in the light dost dwell,
 To mortals unapproachable,
Where angels veil them from Thy rays,
 And tremble as they gaze.

While we the depths of darkness bar,
From Thy blest Presence set afar,
Till brightness of the eternal day
 Shall chase the gloom away.

Such day Thou hast in store with Thee,
Hid in Thy boundless Majesty,
Of which the sun in glorious trim
 Is but a shadow dim.

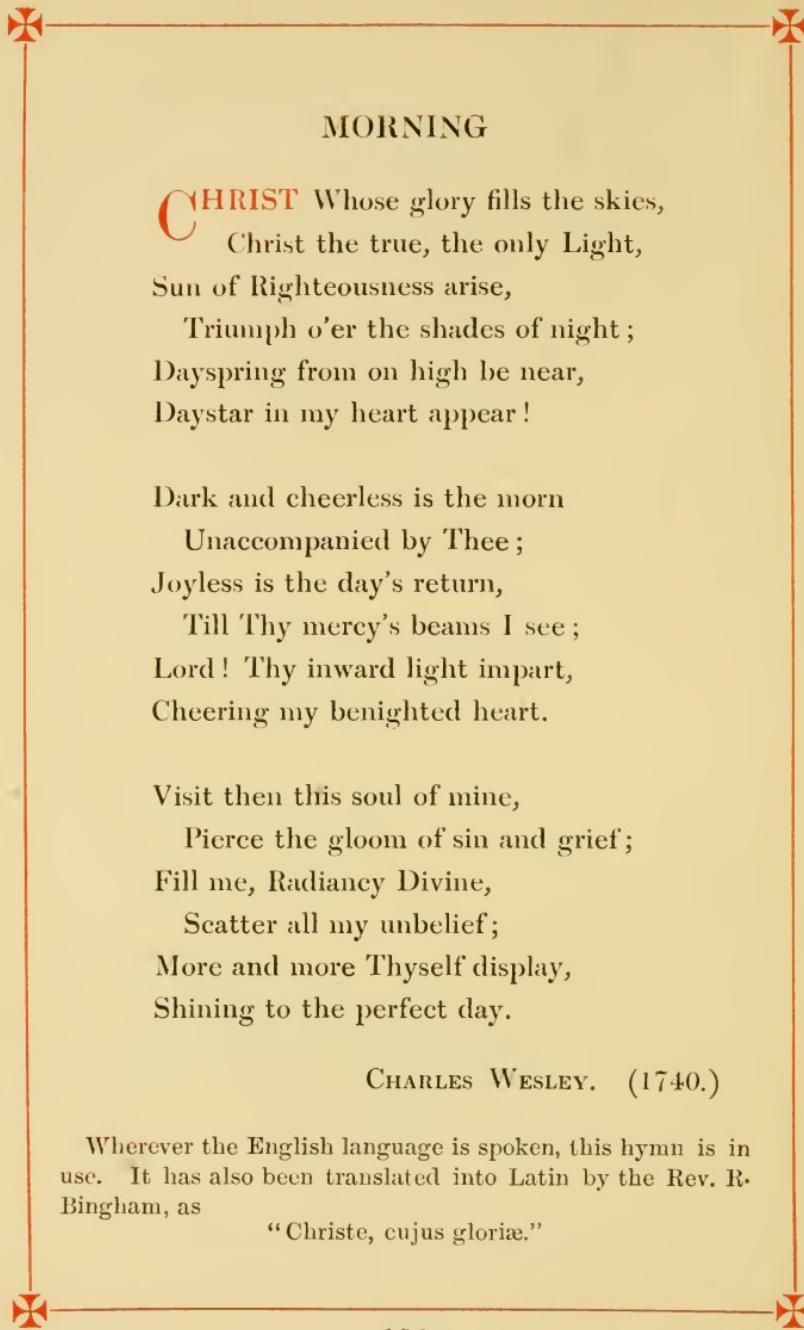
Why lingers thus light's golden wheel,
Which shall to us the day reveal ?
But we must cast this flesh aside,
 Ere we with Thee abide.

But when the soul shall take her wing
From out her dark enveloping,
To see Thee, praise Thee, love Thee still,
 Her urn within shall fill.

Dread Three in One, mould us and bless
In Thine o'erflowing bounteousness
To pass unharmed through this our night
 And see Thine endless light.

C. COFFIN. (1736.)

The Vesper Hymn, from the Paris Breviary.
Coffin was Rector of the University of Paris.



MORNING

CHIRST Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Dayspring from on high be near,
Daystar in my heart appear !

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Lord ! Thy inward light impart,
Cheering my benighted heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY. (1740.)

Wherever the English language is spoken, this hymn is in use. It has also been translated into Latin by the Rev. R. Bingham, as
“Christe, cuius gloriae.”

JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY. (1740.)

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS

YOU now must hear My voice no more,
The Father calls Me home ;
But soon from Heaven the Holy Ghost
Your Comforter shall come.

That Heavenly Teacher sent from God,
Shall your whole soul inspire ;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
Your hearts with sacred fire.

Peace is the gift I leave with you ;
My peace to you bequeath ;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your souls in death.

I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain ;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
In which my words remain.

W. ROBERTSON
(Of the Old Grey Friars. 1742).

From the Scottish Psalter.

SOMETHING every heart is loving,
If not Jesus, none can rest;
Lord, to Thee my heart is given,
Take it, for it loves Thee best.

Thus I cast the world behind me,
Jesus most beloved shall be,
Beauteous more than all things beauteous,
He alone is joy to me.

Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of Thy Face—
Thou art loving, true, and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.

Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow to that glory
Of my hidden life in Thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. (1745.)

Tr. by Mrs. E. F. BEVAN. (1858.)

THE PASCHAL EVE

LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismayed;
But trust in Providence divine,
And trust My gracious aid.

I to My Father's house return ;
There numerous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.

I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare ;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your Friend, am there.

Thence shall I come, when ages close,
To take you home with Me ;
There we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be.

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see My Father's Face.

W. ROBERTSON
(Of Old Grey Friars Church. 1745).

From the Scottish Psalter.

FOR THE PASSING SOUL

HAPPY soul ! Thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by Angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go !
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of Love !

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest !
For the joy He sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die to live the life of glory,
Suffer with thy Lord to reign !

CHARLES WESLEY. (1749.)

ETERNAL SPIRIT! 'twas Thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings and holy seers of old,
With strong prophetic impulse fired.

Filled with Thy great Almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flowed,
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

The powers of earth and hell in vain
Against the sacred Word combine ;
Thy providence through every age
Securely guards the Book Divine.

Thee its great Author, Source of light,
Thee its Preserver we adore ;
And humbly ask a ray from Thee
Its hidden wonders to explore.

E. SCOTT WILLIAMS.
(About 1750.)



EASTER HYMN

JESUS lives ! No longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us.
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.

Jesus lives ! for us He died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

Jesus lives ! to Him the Throne
Far above all power is given :
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.

CHRISTIAN GELLERT. (1757.)

He was Professor of Philosophy at Leipsic, and tutor to Goethe. Gellert was distinguished by deep and sincere piety, blameless life, and the constancy with which he clung to the services of the Church.

Tr. by F. E. Cox. (1841.)

A MORNING HYMN

SINCE I one day from yonder sleeping
Which is called Death shall stir and rise ;
And free from sin and pain and weeping,

See the fair dawn upon the skies :
Then now, my soul, thyself awake !
Soon will that last long morning break.
All pilgrim cares will be a dream,
O wondrous day, at thy first gleam.

My Father, help me, that no hour
Of all my life accuse me then !
Thine be my life—Thine every power—

Thine Who hast raised me up again.
I thank Thee, Lord !—let every day
Bring me towards Thee a little way ;
Each joy, each grief, their work perform,
And bear me on through sun and storm.

When my last mortal day hath risen,
And the dark waters near me flow,
Let me look up from this clay prison,
Stretching my hands and glad to go.
Then let Thy strength in me appear—
Let those around me feel Thee near ;
See Heaven's own light upon me shine,
And all the glory, Lord, be Thine.

F. G. KLOPSTOCK. (1769.)

Tr. by A. WARNER. (1869.)

ETERNAL REST

CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith “Come,
Enter thine eternal home ;”
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, “Oh spare this blow !”
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
“Lord, we love him, let him stay !”

But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And since He hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His Will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah ! was all too inly dear ;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

CHRISTIAN GREGOR.
(Bishop at Berthelsdorf. 1778.)

Tr. by Miss C. WINKWORTH. (1858.)

Hymn for the Burial of the Dead in universal use in
Southern Germany.

HOLY SCRIPTURE

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precept and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The Hand that gave it still supplies
The precious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER. (1779.)

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord Who rises
With healing in His Wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He Who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER. (1779.)

THE CLOSING YEAR

TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day ;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years ;
Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own
(Though it brought or promised good)
Than the years before the flood.

But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us deep in debt :
Favours from the Lord received,
Sins that have the Spirit grieved,
Marked by God's unerring hand,
In His book recording stand ;
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to each of our account ?

We have nothing, Lord, to pay,
Take, oh ! take our guilt away ;
Self-condemned on Thee we call,
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.
If we see another year,
May we spend it in Thy fear ;
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for Eternity.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON,

(From 1779 to 1807 Rector of
St. Mary Woolnoth.)



SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

SOON will the evening star with silver ray
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day ;
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that Heaven and holiness ordain.

Still let each sacred truth our thoughts engage,
That shines revealed on inspiration's page ;
Nor those blest hours in vanity be passed,
Which all who lavish shall lament at last.

O God and Saviour ! in our hearts abide !
Thy grace renew us, and Thy precepts guide ;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

Rev. W. MASON,
(Precentor of York, and Rector of
Aston. Died 1797.)





DIVINE SERVICE

GR EAT GOD of Love,—attend
Thy House this day ;
Whilst we before Thee bend,
Teach us to pray.

We meet this sacred morn
Before Thy Throne—
And own Thee, Mighty God,
As Lord alone.

Before Thy mercy seat
We humbly bow,
And Christ's dear name repeat,
Oh ! bless us now.

Our hearts are calm and still,
For Thou art near ;
We wait to know Thy will,
Thy voice to hear.

Oh ! pardon freely give
Whilst at Thy Throne,
And teach us how to live
To Thee alone.

And bless us once again
Before we part,
And with Christ's precious love
Fill every heart.

Old hymn of the eighteenth century.

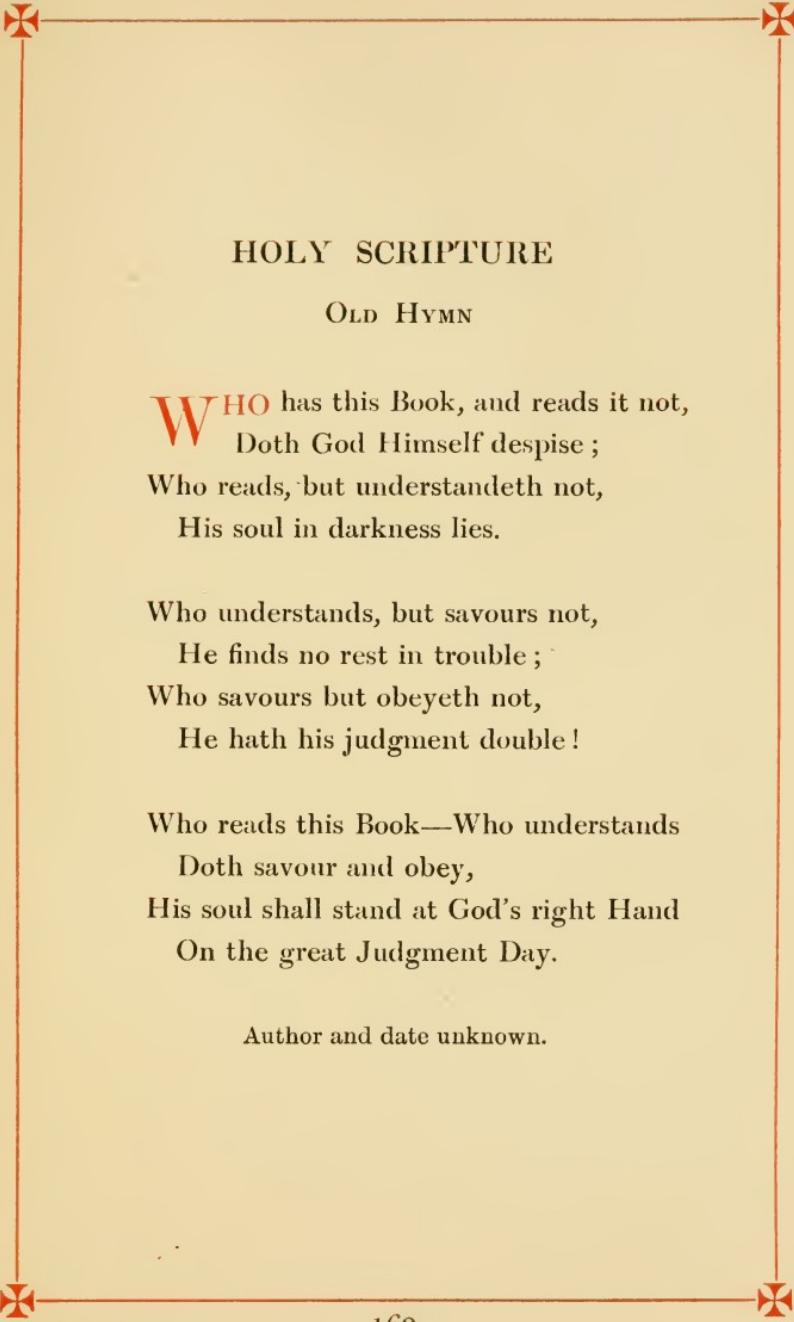
IS it a thing so small,
So easy to comply,
When summoned by the sudden call
To get me up and die !

For those who humbly keep
The faith by Christ bestowed,
To die is but to fall asleep
In the strong Arms of God.

O could I thus sink down
To everlasting rest,
Without a lingering sigh or groan,
On my Redeemer's Breast !

Jesu, Thy Blood apply ;
Thy mind and spirit give ;
Then shall I get me up and die ;
Then shall I truly live.

Author unknown.



HOLY SCRIPTURE

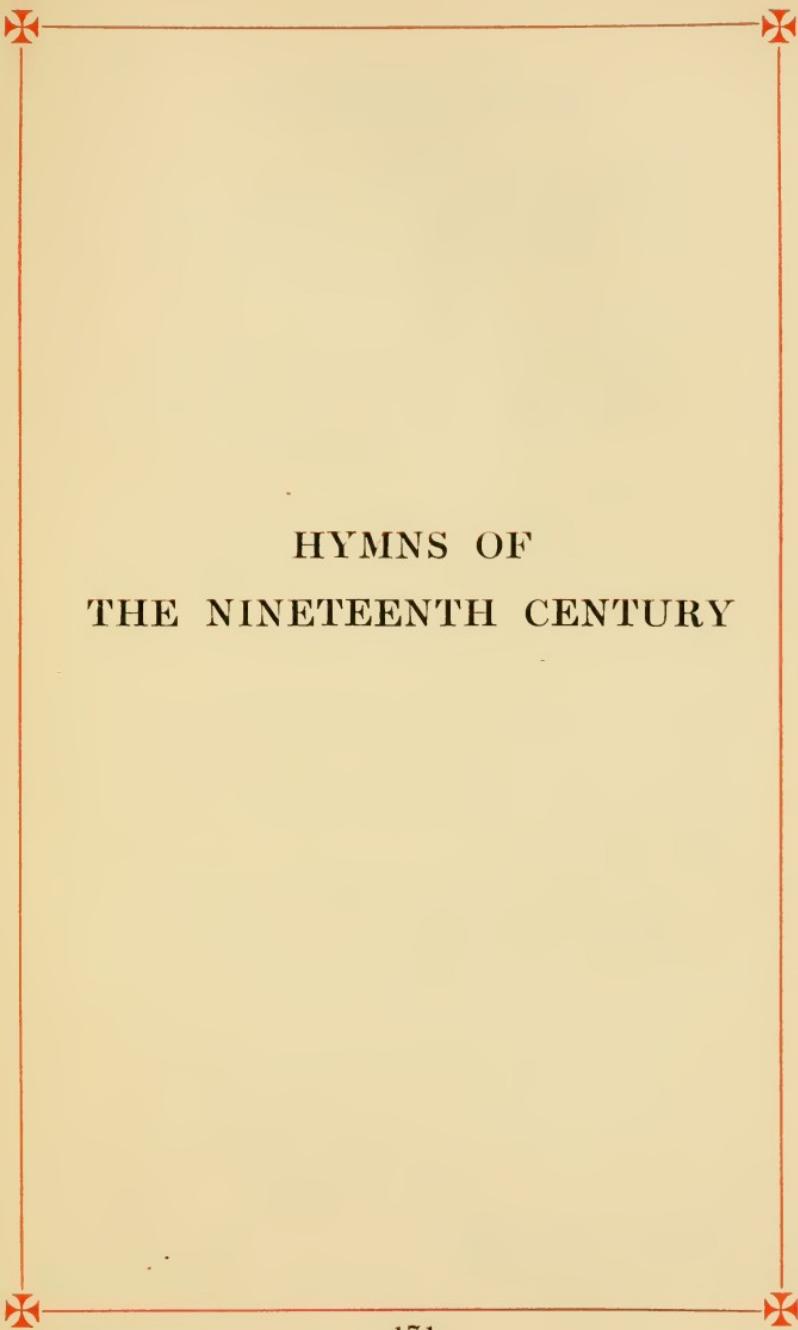
OLD HYMN

WHO has this Book, and reads it not,
Doth God Himself despise ;
Who reads, but understandeth not,
His soul in darkness lies.

Who understands, but savours not,
He finds no rest in trouble ;
Who savours but obeyeth not,
He hath his judgment double !

Who reads this Book—Who understands
Doth savour and obey,
His soul shall stand at God's right Hand
On the great Judgment Day.

Author and date unknown.



**HYMNS OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY**

THE VALE OF REST

THREE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

Thou traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrim's found ;
And while the moulderling ashes sleep
Low in the ground ;

The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

MONTGOMERY. (1804.)

WHITSUNTIDE

SPIRIT OF TRUTH ! on this Thy Day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord ! Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more :
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou Thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love !

BISHOP HEBER. (1816.)

THE PILGRIM'S SONG

O H, where shall rest be found ?
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around that second death !

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy Face,
And evermore undone :
Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

MONTGOMERY. (1819.)

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven !

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay,
And, ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower :
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour !

Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !

Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The bones which underneath thee lie .
Shall live for hell or heaven !

BISHOP HEBER. (1820.)



FUNERAL HYMN OF THE PEASANTS IN THE BLACK FOREST

NEIGHBOURS, accept our parting song,
The road is short, the rest is long :
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence,
This is no home of permanence.

The bread by turns of mirth and tears,
Was thine these chequered pilgrim years ;
Now, Landlord world, shut to the door,
Thy guest is gone for evermore.

Gone to a realm of deep repose,
His comrades follow as he goes ;
Of toil and moil the day was full,
A good sleep now—the night is cool.

Ye village bells ring softly, ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring
Which from the weary work-day tryst
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ.

And open wide thou gate of peace
And let this other journey cease,
Nor grudge a narrow couch, dear neighbours,
For slumbers won by life-long labours.

CHRISTIAN F. SACHSE. (1822.)

Tr. by Dr. HAMILTON in 1860, and sung at his funeral in 1867.

“THE PLACE OF PEACE”

(ANOTHER TRANSLATION)

COME, tread once more the path with song,
The way is short, the rest is long;
The Lord hath given, He calls away;
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door,
The sojourner returns no more!

Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest;
Then open to us, gates of peace,
And let the Pilgrim's journey cease!

Now let the solemn bell begin,
It rings his Sabbath morning in:
The labourer's week-day work is done,
The rest, which Christ hath gained, begun.

O Thou Who reignest Lord alone,
Thou wilt return and claim Thine own!
Come quickly, Lord, and let us see
Thy people perfected in Thee!

CHRISTIAN F. SACHSE,
(Court Chaplain at Altenberg. 1822.)

Tr. by Rev. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.

EASTER SUNDAY EVENING

ON the first Christian Sabbath Eve,
When His disciples met,
O'er His lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scriptures yet,

Lo, in their midst His Form was seen,
The Form in which He died,
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
His Hands, His Feet, His Side.

Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And worshipped, yet with fear ;
Jesus, again Thy presence show,
Meet Thy disciples here.

Be in our midst ; let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear Thy voice
Say, " Peace be unto you ;

"To you, My brethren :" O unfold
The Scriptures to our mind :
Their mysteries let us now behold,
Their hidden treasures find.

And while with Thee, in social hours,
We commune through Thy Word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess it is the Lord.

J. MONTGOMERY. (1825.)

• MISERERE

LORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe our cherished sin ;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
When our tears bedew Thy word,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh ;
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thoughts of former ill ;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
When is loosed the silver cord,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below !
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant heaven ;
Then Thy fostering grace afford,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

DEAN MILMAN. (1827.)

THE Son of God in doing good
Was fain to look to Heaven and sigh :
And shall the heirs of sinful blood
Seek joy unmixed, in charity ?

He looked to Heaven, and sadly sighed ;
What saw my gracious Saviour there,
With fear and anguish to divide
The joy of Heaven-accepted prayer ?

So o'er the bed where Lazarus slept
He to His Father groaned and wept :
What saw He mournful in that grave,
Knowing Himself so strong to save ?

No eye but His might even bear
To gaze all down that drear abyss,
Because none ever saw so clear
The shore beyond of endless bliss.

Lord, by Thy sad and earnest Eye,
When Thou didst look to Heaven and sigh,
Thy Voice, that with a word could chase
The dumb, deaf spirit from his place ;

For Thou hast sworn that every ear,
Willing or loth, Thy trump shall hear,
And every tongue unchainèd be
To own no hope, no God, but Thee.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE. (1827.)

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine :

Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.

As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide.

Bid darkness turn to day,
Take sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then in Love
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul !

Dr. RAY PALMER. (1831.)

I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of Life, from Thee ;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me :
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in Thee ;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest ?
O blessed thought, in dying,
We go to meet the Lord,
Our hope on Him relying,
His Love our great reward.

C. J. P. SPITTA. (1833.)

Tr. by MASSIE.

Spitta was of Huguenot descent, his family name De l'Hôpital. When only eight years old this author began to write in verse. At the close of his University career he ceased to publish secular pieces. "In the manner in which I formerly sang I sing," he said, "no more. To the Lord I now consecrate my life and song; His gifts I give back to Him."

SUNDAY MORNING

HAIL thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams !
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams :
Airs of Heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

Blessed Spirit ! Comforter !
Sent this day from Christ on high ;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
All thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road !
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthened hence we run our race.

Mrs. VENN ELLIOTT. (1833.)

SUNDAY EVENING

GREAT CREATOR! Who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest,
By the Souls that own Thy sway,

Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to Heaven alone.

Saviour! Who this day didst break

The dark prison of the Tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom :
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin and live to Thee.

Soon, too soon, the deep repose

Of this day of God will cease ;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace ;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

But the rest which yet remains

For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love ;
O may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near.

Mrs. VENN ELLIOTT. (1833.)

HOLY COMMUNION

O THOU Who didst this rite reveal,
Of our blest faith the sign and seal,
To Thee in spirit, Lord, we kneel,
Met to remember Thee.

Thou, faintly loved and feebly sought,
Too oft forsaken and forgot ;
With contrite shame, with sorrowing thought,
Lord, we remember Thee.

Thou in our suffering flesh hast dwelt ;
Guiltless our load of guilt has felt,
Shall not our hearts within us melt,
Saviour, remembering Thee ?

'Twas Love untold, unfathomed Love,
Which brought Thee from Thy Throne above ;
And shall not love our bosoms move,
While we remember Thee ?

Thy dying Words, O Lord, we hail,—
Though heart and flesh must faint and fail,
Through Thee the feeblest shall prevail,
Who live by faith in Thee.

Mrs. VENN ELLIOTT. (1835.)



HOLY COMMUNION

LORD, as Thy temple's portals close
Behind the outward-parting throng,
So shut my spirit in repose,
So bind it here, Thy flock among.
The fickle wanderer else will stray
Back to the world's wide parchèd way.

Here where Thine angels overhead
Do warn the Tempter's Powers away
And where the bodies of the dead
For life and resurrection stay ;
And many a generation's prayer
Hath perfumed and hath blest the air.

O lead my blindness by the hand,
Lead me to Thy familiar feast,
Not here or now to understand,
Yet even here and now to taste
How the Eternal Word of Heaven
On earth in broken bread is given.

We who this holy precinct round
In one adoring circle kneel,
May we in one intent be bound,
One serene devotion feel :
And grow around Thy sacred shrine
Like tendrils of the deathless vine.

We, who with one blest food are fed,
Into one body may we grow,
And one pure life, from Thee the Head,
Informing all the members flow ;
One pulse be felt in every vein,
One law of pleasure and of pain.

O let the virtue all divine,
The gift of this true Sabbath morn,
Stored in my spirit's inner shrine,
Be purely and be meekly borne ;
Be husbanded with thrifty care,
And sweetened and refreshed with prayer.

Like some deposit rarely wrought,
And to be rendered up to Thee
In righteous deed and holy thought,
In soul-desires Thy Face to see,
Then freely to be poured as rain
In grace upon the heart again.

Cease we not then to adore
When our footsteps pass away
From this House's hallowed floor :
Let us worship all the day
By a soul to Thee resigned
And by the love of human kind.

Nor for this day alone, but all,
Till soon again in holy fear
Upon our present Lord we call,
And hold with Him communion here,
Discerning from our earthly food,
His broken Body and His Blood.

The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.
(May 1836.)

VIA DOLOROSA

THOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say,
“Thou must rise and come away ;

“All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee and make ready fast,
For thy longest and thy last !”

Day deep hidden from our sight,
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Wilt thou come ? not seen before,
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, “Light and life are o'er”

Or with such a gradual pace
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?

Little recks it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow ;

Come thou must, and we must die :
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by
When that last sleep seals mine eye !

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH. (1838.)

THE SEA OF GALILEE

HOW pleasant is thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee !

The Glorious One Who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
Or palms in thy soft air ;
But Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
Once shed its fragrance there.

Graceful round thee the mountains meet ;
Thou calm resting sea ;
But, far more beautiful, the Feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

O Saviour ! gone to God's right Hand !
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on Thy Heart is this fair land
And every fragrant hill.

Rev. R. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

Written in Palestine in 1839.

RESIGNATION

SHALL we grow weary in our watch
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And His appointed way?

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than "watch one hour" in humble prayer;
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But, ah! we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, Who in the garden's shade
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of Thy pain,

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep for Thee.

J. G. WHITTIER. (1846.)



HYMN FOR CHILDREN

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the Kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest ;
There to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win ;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly gate
They had ever kept in view ?
Some from Greenland's frozen land ;
Some from India's sultry plain ;
Some from Afric's barren sand ;
Some from islands of the main.

All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
There together met at last
In the portal of the sky.
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin ;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in !

JAMES EDMESTON. (1846.)



THE ETERNAL FATHER

MY GOD, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light !

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored !

How wonderful, how glorious
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

Oh, how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears !



Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy Throne to bow,
And gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Dr. F. W. FABER. (1848.)

THE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN

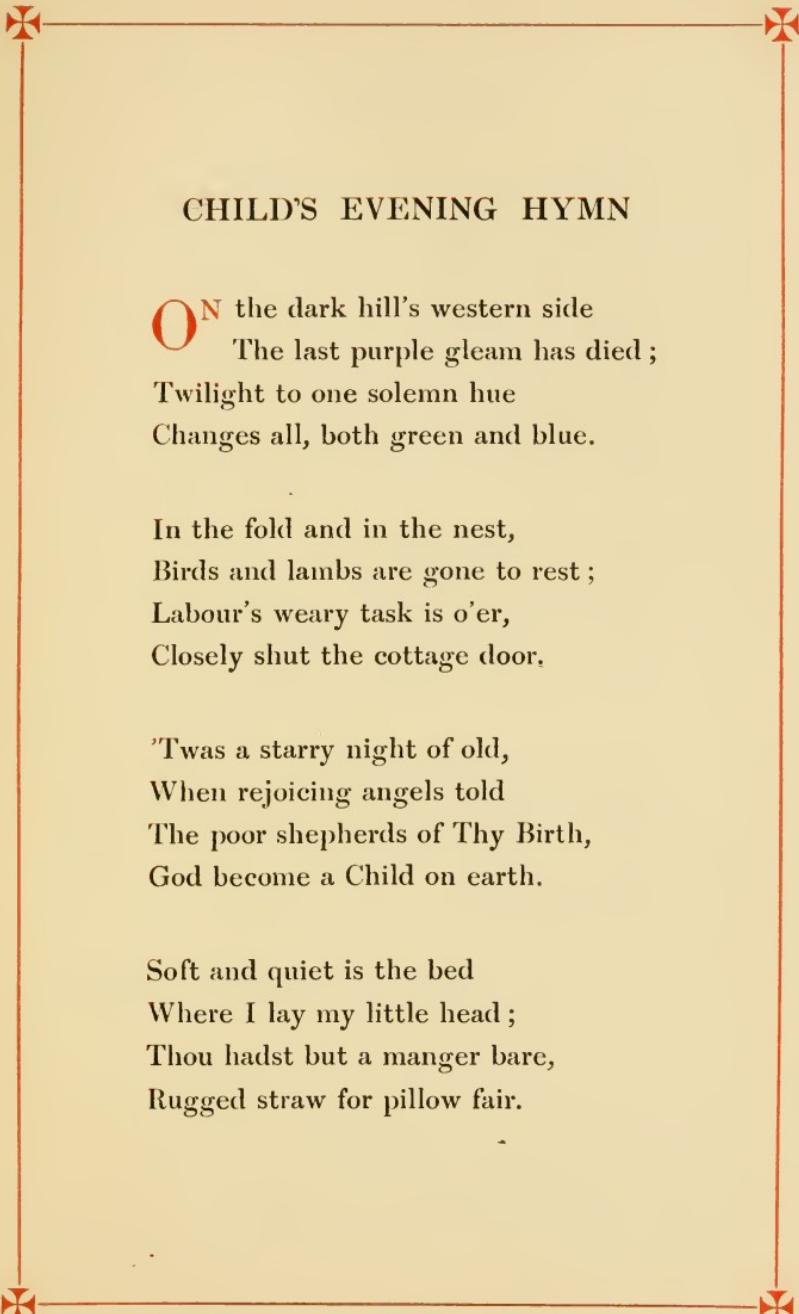
SAVIOUR, to Thy cottage home
Once the daylight used to come ;
Thou hast oft-time seen it break
Brightly o'er that Eastern lake.

Thou wast meek and undefiled,
Make me holy, too, and mild ;
Thou didst foil the tempter's power,
Help me in temptation's hour.

Fretful feeling, passion, pride,
Never did with Thee abide ;
Make me watch myself to-day,
That they lead me not astray.

With Thee, Lord, I would arise,
To Thee look with opening eyes ;
All the day be at my side,
Saviour, Pattern, King, and Guide.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. (1848.)



CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

ON the dark hill's western side
The last purple gleam has died ;
Twilight to one solemn hue
Changes all, both green and blue.

In the fold and in the nest,
Birds and lambs are gone to rest ;
Labour's weary task is o'er,
Closely shut the cottage door.

'Twas a starry night of old,
When rejoicing angels told
The poor shepherds of Thy Birth,
God become a Child on earth.

Soft and quiet is the bed
Where I lay my little head ;
Thou hadst but a manger bare,
Rugged straw for pillow fair.

Saviour, 'twas to win me grace
Thou didst stoop to that poor place,
Loving with a perfect love
Child, and man, and God above.

Hear me as alone I lie,
Plead for me with God on high,
All that stained my soul to-day
Cleanse me from my sins away

Happy now I turn to sleep ;
Thou wilt watch around me keep ;
Him no danger e'er can harm
Who lies cradled on Thine Arm.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. (1848.)

*

DIADEMATA

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His Throne;
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as the matchless King
Through all Eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love,
Behold His Hands and Side,
Those Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder Triune throne :
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me :
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. (1842.)

From the Roman Catholic Hymnary.

FOR the spirit confused
With misgiving and with sorrow,
Let me, my Saviour, borrow
The light of faith from Thee.
O lift from it the burden
Which bows it down before Thee,
With sighs and with weeping
I commend myself to Thee ;
My faded life, Thou knowest,
Little by little is wasted
Like wax before the fire,
Like snow-wreaths in the sun :
And for the soul that panteth
For its refuge in Thy bosom,
Break Thou the ties, my Saviour,
That hinder it from Thee.

GIUSEPPE GIUSTI. (1850.)

Tr. by W. D. HOWELLS.

One of the very few modern Italian hymns. The author had been one of the chief satirists of his country in the last century.



THE NIGHT VIGIL

SOUL, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice, whilst world-cares fly,
With the closing hours is blended,—
“ Rest is coming, rest is nigh.”

Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear ?
Be to me a well of gladness ;
Bid me quite forget my fear.

So when life’s long week is over,
Blessed it will be to die ;
Angels whispering, as they hover,—
“ Rest is coming, rest is nigh.”

Then the heavenly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine :
Rest of God ! the Sun and Centre
Of the bliss that is divine.

G. RAWSON. (1853.)



PASSIONTIDE

LORD JESUS, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy Holy Cross
In love of Thee, and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss.
When we behold Thy bleeding wounds
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God !

O Holy Lord ! uplifted high,
With outstretched arms in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below ;—
Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see :
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee !

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW. (1854.)

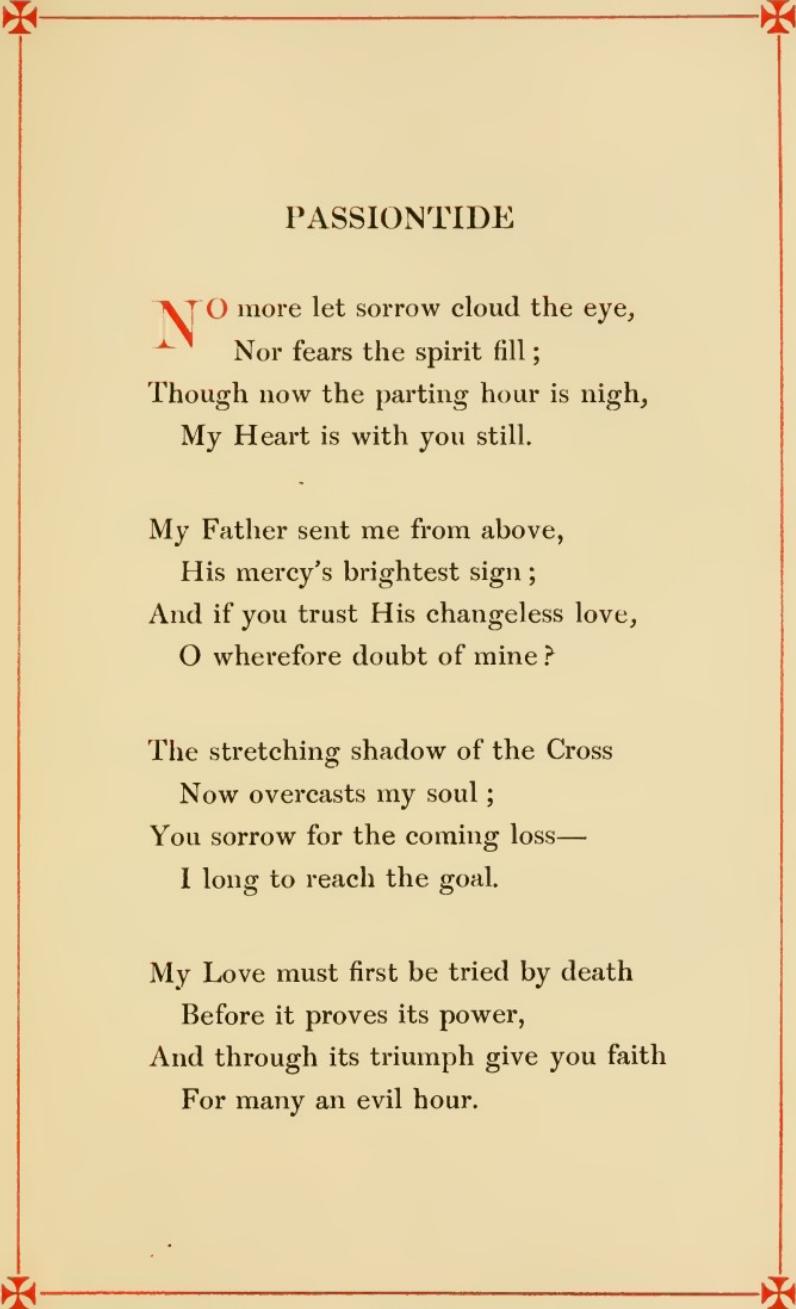
CHASTISEMENT

O THOU whose sacred Feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.
My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust
To suffer as a son,
To say, though lying in the dust,
“ My Father’s will be done ! ”
I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,—
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learned, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.
So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tents
Where I have met with God.

Rev. J. DRUMMOND BURNS, M.A. .(1854.)



PASSIONTIDE

NO more let sorrow cloud the eye,
Nor fears the spirit fill ;
Though now the parting hour is nigh,
My Heart is with you still.

My Father sent me from above,
His mercy's brightest sign ;
And if you trust His changeless love,
O wherefore doubt of mine ?

The stretching shadow of the Cross
Now overcasts my soul ;
You sorrow for the coming loss—
I long to reach the goal.

My Love must first be tried by death
Before it proves its power,
And through its triumph give you faith
For many an evil hour.

Dark days will come when I depart,
But cast your care on Me,
And I, unseen, will keep the heart
From fear and fainting free.

The thorny path that I have trod
Is also traced for you ;
But where I walked alone with God
Ye have a Saviour too.

Rev. J. DRUMMOND BURNS, M.A. (1855.)
(Died 1864.)

This author's sacred verse has been said to "rank amongst the very best of our modern hymnody for beauty, simplicity of diction, and depth of religious feeling."—*Rev. J. Mearns.*

THAT mystic Word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee :
From this good hour O leave me never more,
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed—
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul
All Heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.

The soul alone—like a neglected harp—
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand Divine ;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

H. B. STOWE. (1855.)

THE SUNDAY VIGIL

O TIME of tranquil joy and holy feeling !
When over earth God's Spirit from above
Spreads out His Wings of Love !
When sacred thoughts, like Angels, come appealing
To our tent doors ! O e'en to earth and heaven
The sweetest of the seven !

How peaceful are thy skies ! the air is clearer
As on the advent of a gracious time :
The sweetness of its prime
Blesseth the world, and Eden's days seem nearer :
I hear in each faint stirring of the breeze
God's voice among the trees.

O while thy hallowed moments are distilling
Their fresher influence on my heart like dews,
The chamber where I muse
Turns to a temple ! He Whose converse thrilling
Honoured Emmaus that old eventide
Comes sudden to my side.

With light at eventide when Thou art present ;
Thy coming to the eleven in that dim room
Brightened, O Christ ! its gloom :
So bless my lonely hour, that memories pleasant
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast
Which many days shall last !

Even now I see the golden city shining
Up the blue depths of that transparent air :
How happy all is there !
There breaks a day which never knows declining ;
A Sabbath, through whose circling hours the blest
Beneath Thy shadow rest !

Rev. J. DRUMMNOD BURNS, M.A. (1855.)

THE sands of Time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes :
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

Oh, Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep well-spring of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above :
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And Light and Glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove ;
And all the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love.

I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward Heaven
'Gainst storm and wind and tide :
Now like a weary traveller
That leaneth on His Guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Emmanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with His likeness rise
To live, and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes.
The King of Kings in Zion
My presence doth command,
Where the Lamb is all the Glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

Mrs. Ross COUSIN. (1857.)



CHRIST THE REDEEMER

JESU, these eyes have never seen
That radiant Form of Thine ;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed Face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream, that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine Image ever fills my thought
And charms my wondering soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, blessed Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

Dr. RAY PALMER. (1858.)



WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known ?
Shall I vainly seek mine own ?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal ?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

He Who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving when the form departs
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent River ;
Death, thy hastening oar I know ;
Bear me, Thou Life-Giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

L. LARCOM. (1858.)

THE CLOSING YEAR

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon shall you and I be lying
Each within his narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight :
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might !

Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, oh teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came ;

Whence we came and whither wending ;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, M.A. (1858.)

The last verse by the compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

“The Shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.”

THE pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there ;
The busy world through other ways has ranged
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet ;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low ;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still
As once o'er Thee ;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them,
From height to height
The white roofs of disrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewed with garments once, and
palm,

Which we tread thus ;

Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst calm,
On to Thy Cross.

The waves have washed fresh sand upon the shore
Of Galilee ;

But chiselled on the hill-side evermore
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,
Nor time effaced ;

Where Thy Feet trod to bless we still may stand ;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these ;

Where'er the poor and tired and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond, sad regrets Thy steps we trace ;
Thou art not dead !

Our path is onward till we see Thy Face
And hear Thy tread.

And now wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,

There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land—
Thou, Thou art there !

Mrs. RUNDLE CHARLES. (1859.)

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face :
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH, of Exeter. (1860.)

TO THE HOLY TRINITY

MY GOD ! my God ! I know that Thou dost hear me,

Though midnight darkness be around me spread ;
I know Thy Presence is for ever near me,

Around my dwelling and about my bed :

My Rock, my Shield, the Tower of my defence ;

The songs of angels echo round Thy Throne,
And yet Thou lovest the trembling confidence

Of the poor sinful heart that trusts in Thee alone.

Creator, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

My soul would praise Thee in the silent night ;
I dwell beneath Thy Love, Thy Power, Thy Merit,

Thou my Salvation, my eternal light :

And when my feet shall tread the dreary vale

Of death's dark shadow, in that dreadful hour,
When all is dark and flesh and blood must fail,

Oh ! then, my God, as now, uphold me with Thy
Power.

Be with me then, now make my heart an altar

Fragrant with incense of perpetual praise :
Let not my weak soul shrink, nor spirit falter,

Nor my frail heart mistrust those darksome ways :
But Thou, O Sun of Righteousness, arise,

Bright as a morning from a gloomy night,
Till my rapt soul springs upward to the skies

And knows and owns Thee there, her strength,
her joy, her light.

CANON GARBETT. (1860.)

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious Song of old ;
From Angels bending near the Earth
To touch their harps of gold ;
“ Peace on the earth—goodwill to men,
From Heaven’s all-gracious King,”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed Angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
With forms oft bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With weary steps and slow,
Look up ; for lo ! the peaceful years
Come swiftly on the wing :
Of which, to patient faith and hope,
The blessed angels sing.

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing.

Dr. HAMILTON SEARS. (1860.)

O^N the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain !

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

For a space the weary body
Lies with feet toward the dawn ;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong ;
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
“Satisfied.”

Oh ! the beauty and the gladness
Of that Resurrection Day,
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away !

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last ;
To Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. (1861.)

“And when they had sung a hymn
they went out into the Mount of Olives.”

CALM lay the city in its double sleep
Beneath the Paschal Moon’s cold silvery light,
That flung broad shadows o’er the rugged steep
Of Olivet that night.

The Holy Rite is o’er ; the Blessed Sign
Is given to cheer us in this earthly strife ;
The Bread is broken, and outpoured the Wine,
Symbol of better Life.

The bitter cup of wrath before Him lies ;
And yet as up the steep they pass along,
The mighty Victim to the Sacrifice,
They cheer the way with song.

We ne’er can know such sorrow as, that night,
Pierced to the heart the suffering Son of God ;
And every earthly sadness is but light
To that dark Path He trod !

And yet how faint and feeble rise our songs,
How oft we linger ’mid the shadows dim ;
Nor give the glory that to Him belongs
In Eucharistic hymn !

Touch Thou our wayward hearts, and let them be
In stronger faith to Thy glad service given,
Till, o’er the margin of time’s surging sea,
We sing the Song of Heaven !

CANON R. H. BAYNES. (1862.)

O LORD of Heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

Thou didst not spare Thine Only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of Heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

To Thee from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all.

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. (1863.)

SACRAMENTAL HYMN

THOU standest at the altar,
Thou offerest every prayer ;
In faith's unclouded vision
We see Thee ever there ;

Within the heavenly temple
By mortal feet untrod ;
Our King and Priest for ever,
Our Advocate with God.

Out of Thy hand the incense
Ascends before the throne
Where Thou art interceding,
Lord Jesus, for Thine own.

And through Thy blood accepted
With Thee we keep the feast ;
Thou art alone the Victim,
Thou only art the Priest.

We come, O only Saviour,
On Thee, the Lamb, to feed ;
Thy Flesh is Bread from heaven,
Thy Blood is Drink indeed.

E. W. EDDIS. (1864.)

The second verse is by Bishop Bickersteth, of Exeter.



REQUIESCAM

(FOUND UNDER THE PILLOW OF A SOLDIER WHO WAS LYING
DEAD IN THE HOSPITAL AT PORT ROYAL, CAROLINA)

I **LAY** me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now ;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past :
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part ;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim ;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

(1865.)



NOW severed is Jordan,
Its waters back roll,
And "Onward" the watchword,
We pass to the goal;

We march to the land that was promised of yore,
With the Ark of God's covenant going before.

O hark to the trumpet
Which sounds the advance,
All armed as to battle
With buckler and lance.
Our wanderings are over,
The wilderness past;
Fair Canaan is spreading
Before us at last.

Then why should we tremble,
Why linger or shrink?
Why halt in our marching
And pause on the brink?
Before is the land that was promised of yore,
And the Ark of God's covenant goeth before.

The foot of the High Priest
Has dipped in the tide ;

The waters are standing
As walls on each side.

The covenant Angel,
His sword in His Hand,
Is beckoning us on
To conquer the land.

For them no returning
Whilst traverse the bands ;
In the midst of the river
God's oracle stands.

In the Name of the Father,
In the Name of the Son,
In the Name of the Spirit,
Blest Three, ever One ;

We march to the Land which was promised of yore,
With the Ark of God's Covenant going before.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. (1866.)

THE TRANSFIGURATION

UPON the solitary mountain's height,
In radiant beauty, but with power concealed,
The Son of Man, unveiled to mortal sight,
Once stands revealed !

Yet not alone—the witnesses are there,
The deathless, and the dead are at His side,
Their lips the end predestinate declare,
Nor seek to hide !

But why this world from the mysterious grave,
Lawgiver of God's people, hast thou trod ?
Why came thy steeds of fire o'er Jordan's wave,
Prophet of God ?

Do ye revisit earth to testify
That Law and Voice Prophetic, shadows dim,
Are swallowed up in Christ's last victory,
Finished in Him ?

Yet on the passing brightness of that hour
The shadow of the Cross still darkly fell,
As if alone the hiding of His power
Ye dared to tell.

Come, O my soul ! in holy rapture hear
Tabor and Hermon in His Name rejoice ;
How good for us to be for ever near,
Listening His Voice.

Lord, pour Thy Spirit all our souls to fill,
Transfigured to the image of Thine own,
Until we rest upon Thy holy hill
Before Thy Throne.

Dr. E. A. DAYMAN. (1866.)

From the Sarum Hymnal.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy Presence will avail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take ;
What parchèd ground refreshed, as with a shower.
We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of power !
We kneel, and all around us seems to lour ;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stand forth in sunny outline brave and clear.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong ;
That we are ever over-borne with care ;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee.

DEAN ALFORD. (1867.)

“IT IS WELL”

THE day is ended—ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine ;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my rest be sweet !

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul’s unwavering faith can shake ;
All well whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

H. MACEWAN KIMBALL. (1867.)

IN MEMORIAM

SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow ;
Rest where none weep
Till the eternal morrow !
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

Life's dream is past—
All its sin, its sadness ;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure—
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest.
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice,
All in Jesus sleeping !

Dr. E. A. DAYMAN. (1868.)

From the Sarum Hymnal.

PASSIONTIDE

AND now, beloved Lord, Thy Soul resigning
Into Thy FATHER's Arms with conscious Will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy Head reclining,
The throbbing Brow and Labouring Breast grow
still.

Freely Thy Life Thou yieldest ; ere its ending,
Purged from sin's awful and accursèd load,
The conflict o'er, in perfect peace commanding
Thy Spirit to Thy FATHER and Thy God.

O love ! o'er mortal agony victorious,
Now is Thy triumph ! now that cross shall shine
To earth's remotest age revered and glorious,
Of suffering's deepest mystery the sign.

My Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim and round me falls the
night,
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish,
At that dread eventide let there be light.

To Thy dear Cross turn Thou my eyes in dying ;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy Breast ;
Those outstretched Arms receive my latest sighing ;
And then, oh ! then, Thine everlasting Rest.

Mrs. E. SIBBALD ALDERSON. (1868.)

In the unaltered form in which the hymn was originally written.



CHRISTMAS

HVMN FOR CHILDREN

THREE came a little Child to earth
Long ago ;
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth
High and low.
Out on the night so calm and still
Their song was heard,
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

Far away in a goodly land
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white,
In white more pure than the spotless snow,
And their tongues unite
In the Psalm which the Angels sang long ago
On that still night.

They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A Child was born ;
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn,
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might for ever reign
With Him on high.

He has put on His kingly apparel now
In that goodly land :
And He leads to where fountains of waters flow
That chosen band.
And for evermore, in their robes so fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a Child.

Miss E. E. STEELE ELLIOTT. (1868.)

FOR A HOSPITAL SERVICE

FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
Oh, pour them from above.

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to Thee
In noble thought and deed.

And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease ;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace.

CANON KINGSLEY. (About 1870.)

EVENTIDE

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord ; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON, M.A. (1870.)

IN MEMORIAM

WREATHS for our graves the Lord has given,
The Cross with Crowns is hung :
And blent with music learnt in heaven
Our hymn of praise is sung.

The gulf of death how dark with fears
Is bridged by hope and love ;
The memories we have sown in tears
Bloom fair in light above.

Oh ! who are those who join with us,
Who set the note of praise,
Whose gleaming vestures touch us thus,
Whose hearts our hearts upraise ?

They fought as we are fighting now,
And still in blood and flame,
To Christ the Lord they held their vow,
By Him they overcame.

And still with us they have their part—
How should we faint or fail
Who know what fellowship of heart
Is ours beyond the veil ?

Ours the Communion of All Saints—
The Church's faithful dead—
To cheer us when our spirit faints,
And hope and strength are fled.

Mrs. L. MASSEY. (1871.)



COME in, oh come ! the door stands open now ;
I knew Thy Voice ; Lord Jesus, it was Thou.
The Sun has set long since, the storms begin ;
'Tis time for Thee, my Saviour, oh come in !

Come even now ! But think not here to find
A lodging, Lord, and converse to Thy mind.
The Lamp burns low, the heart is chill and pale,
Wet through the broken casement pours the gale.

Alas ! ill-ordered shows the dreary room ;
The household stuff lies heaped amidst the gloom,
The table empty stands, the couch undrest :
Ah ! what a welcome for the eternal Guest.

Yet welcome, welcome now, this doleful scene
Is e'en itself my cause to hail Thee in ;
This dark confusion e'en at once demands
Thine own bright Presence, Lord, and ordering
Hands.



I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend ;
All were at best unseemly, and 'twere ill
Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.

Then as Thou art, all holiness and bliss,
Come in and see my chamber as it is,
I bid Thee welcome boldly, in the name
Of Thy great glory, and my want and shame.

Come not to find, but make, this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art ;
To chase the gloom, the terror and the sin,
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in !

The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

(1874.)

SACRAMENTAL HYMN

O KING of Mercy ! from Thy Throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble, wandering flock in safety keep.

O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live ;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

Thou art the Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed ;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's friend,
Sweet Fount of joy and blessings without end.

Oh come and cheer us with thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face !

In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life and death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.

Oh lead us daily with Thine Eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above !

PROFESSOR T. R. BIRKS. (1874.)

THE Heavens declare Thy glory,
The firmament Thy power;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour;
Night unto night replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying,
The wonders of Thy Hand.

How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts Thou hast given!
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven:
How pure, how soul-restoring
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day!

Oh, who can make confession
 Of every secret sin ;
Or keep from all transgression
 His spirit pure within ?
But let me never boldly
 From Thy commands depart,
Or render to Thee coldly
 The service of my heart.

All heaven on high rejoices
 To do its Maker's Will ;
The stars, with solemn voices,
 Resound Thy praises still :
So let my whole behaviour,
 Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,
 One ceaseless song to Thee.

PROFESSOR T. R. BIRKS. (1874.)

OH, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
“All of self, and none of Thee.”

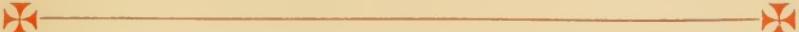
Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, “Forgive them, Father !”
And my wistful heart said faintly,
“Some of self, and some of Thee.”

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, and I whispered,
“Less of self, and more of Thee.”

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered ;
Grant me now my supplication,
“None of self, and all of Thee.”

Rev. THEODORE MONOD,
Of the French Reformed Church in Paris.

Written when in England in 1874.



HYMN FOR LENT

ALL my sins uprising now,
Wring my heart and brand my brow ;
Sins of childhood, sins of youth,
Despite done to Grace and Truth :
Is there mercy left for me ?
Jesus died ! He died for thee.

Deeds and words, and fancies vain,
Darker, deadlier made the stain
On the record kept on high,
On my soul condemned to die :
Is there cleansing left for me ?
The Saviour bled ! He bled for thee.

Ah, my heart is hard within,
Callous through repeated sin ;
When I fain would kneel and pray,
Satan steals the power away :
Say, what hope remains for me ?
Jesus prayed ! He prays for thee.

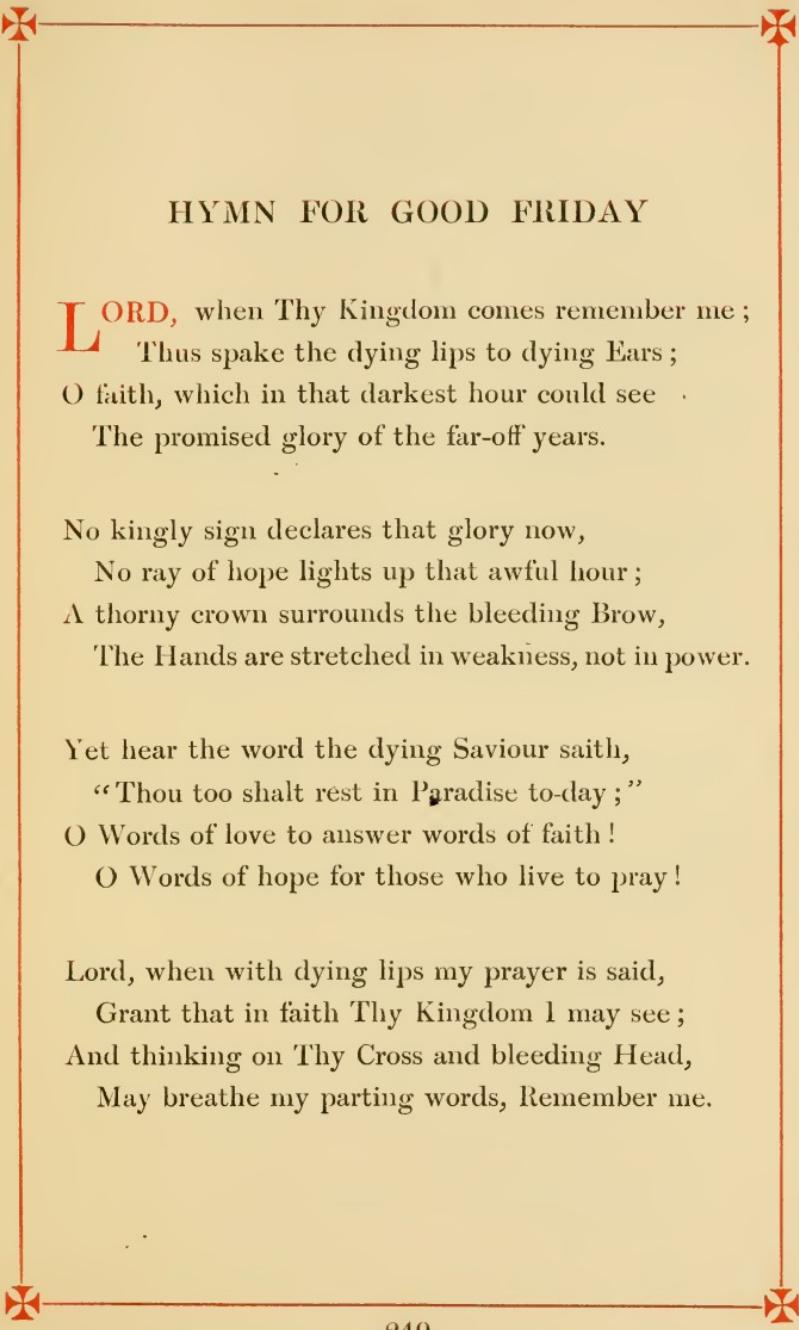


Once far back in earlier years,
I bedewed my couch with tears ;
Now no bitter drops will flow
From my deeper fount of woe :
Death and Judgment wait for me !
Jesus wept ! He wept for thee.

Dare I lift my guilty face,
I who trampled on His Grace ?
Dare I seek the Throne of Light
Where His saints are clad in white ?
How they all would shrink from me ;
Jesus turns ! He looks for thee.

Jesu died, to make thee whole !
He bled, to cleanse thy guilty soul :
He prayed for thee, and thou hast part :
He wept, to break thy sinful heart ;
Jesus speaks : poor sinner, see,
Rise, look up, He calleth thee.

Rev. G. S. HODGES. (1875.)



HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY

LORD, when Thy Kingdom comes remember me ;
Thus spake the dying lips to dying Ears ;
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years.

No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour ;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding Brow,
The Hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
“Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day ;”
O Words of love to answer words of faith !
O Words of hope for those who live to pray !

Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy Kingdom I may see ;
And thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding Head,
May breathe my parting words, Remember me.

Remember me, but not my shame or sin ;
Thy cleansing Blood hath washed them all away ;
Thy precious Death for me did pardon win ;
Thy Blood redeemed me in that awful day.

Remember me ; yet how canst Thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to Thee,
The Cross, the Agony, the Bloody Sweat,
And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me ?

Remember me ; and ere I pass away
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make Thy promise to my heart, “ To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me.”

His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. (1875.)

IN PARADISE

IT is finished ! Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.

Lifeless lies the broken Body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside, like folded garments :
Where is now the Spirit fled ?

In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

See ! He comes, a willing Victim,
Unresisting hither led ;
Passing from the Cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

Lo ! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near ;
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious Words they hear.

For Himself proclaims the story
Of his own Incarnate Life,
And the Death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.

Patriarch, and Priest, and Prophet,
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the piercèd Hands.

Oh, the bliss to which He calls them,
Ransomed by His precious Blood,
From the gloomy realms of darkness
To the Paradise of God !

There in the lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His side,
Reaping now the blessed promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me.
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee.

His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Written for Good Friday, 1875.

ADVENT

COME, gracious Saviour, manifest Thy glory,
And let Thy lightnings shine from east to west;
Oh ! by Thine anguish 'neath the olives hoary,
Take us, Thy people, to Thy promised rest.

Our eyes are weary watching for Thy coming,
Watching through glare of noon and gloom of
night :
Hoping the morn may bring Thee, or the gloaming
May see Thee bursting on our happy sight.

How long shall stay the bitter strife and sorrow,
And wrong have triumph o'er the true and right ?
Oh ! come, and coming, bring the better morrow,
Whose noon shall never darken into night.

Come, gracious Lord, our longing souls to gladden ;
Arise ! O Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Let hope deferred our hearts no longer sadden,
But turn to songs our sorrows and our sighs.

CANON^{*} C. D. BELL. (1882.)

HYMN FOR THE PASSING SOUL

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned places blown
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, Who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant, when its walls decay ;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my Strength and Stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father ! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansion
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

J. G. WHITTIER. (1882.)

A DOWN the river year by year
The fragile bark flies fast ;
And still a fond reverted gaze
Goes back to days long past.

Long, long ago the voices loved
Have breathed their last farewell ;
And yet their tones within the heart
Still unforgotten dwell.

But soon a golden ray shall dart
Across the eastern sky,
To bid the weary earth rejoice ;
At last her Lord draws nigh.

O time, fly fast ! O ages, end !
That He whom we adore
May gather round Himself His own
For ever, evermore.

CANON I. GREGORY SMITH. (1884.)

COMES at times a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love ;
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the grove ;
Comes at length a sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the shore ;
As when at dawn the feathered choir rejoices,
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

Comes at times a voice of days departed,
On the dying breath of evening borne ;
Sinks then the traveller, faint and weary-hearted ;
“ Long is the way ”—it whispers—“ and forlorn ! ”
Comes at last a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day,
Saying the Lord shall make an end of sadness ;
Saying the Lord shall wipe all earthly tears away.

CANON I. GREGORY SMITH. (1884.)

Written for the unveiling of the Albert Memorial at Edinburgh. It was also sung at the Memorial Service for General Grant in Westminster Abbey, August 1885.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I SEE the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within,
I hear with groans and travail-cries
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
I know that God is good !

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove :
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. (1884.)

More than thirty of this author's hymns are in extensive use in America, yet with great humility he has written: "I am really not a hymn-writer. A good hymn is the best use to which poetry can be devoted, but I do not claim that I have succeeded in composing one.—J. G. W."

In his "Hymnology" Canon Julian has said that "the hymnic element in the original of the above verse is of a high and enduring order."

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down :
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him who reigns alone.

But to the contrite spirit yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

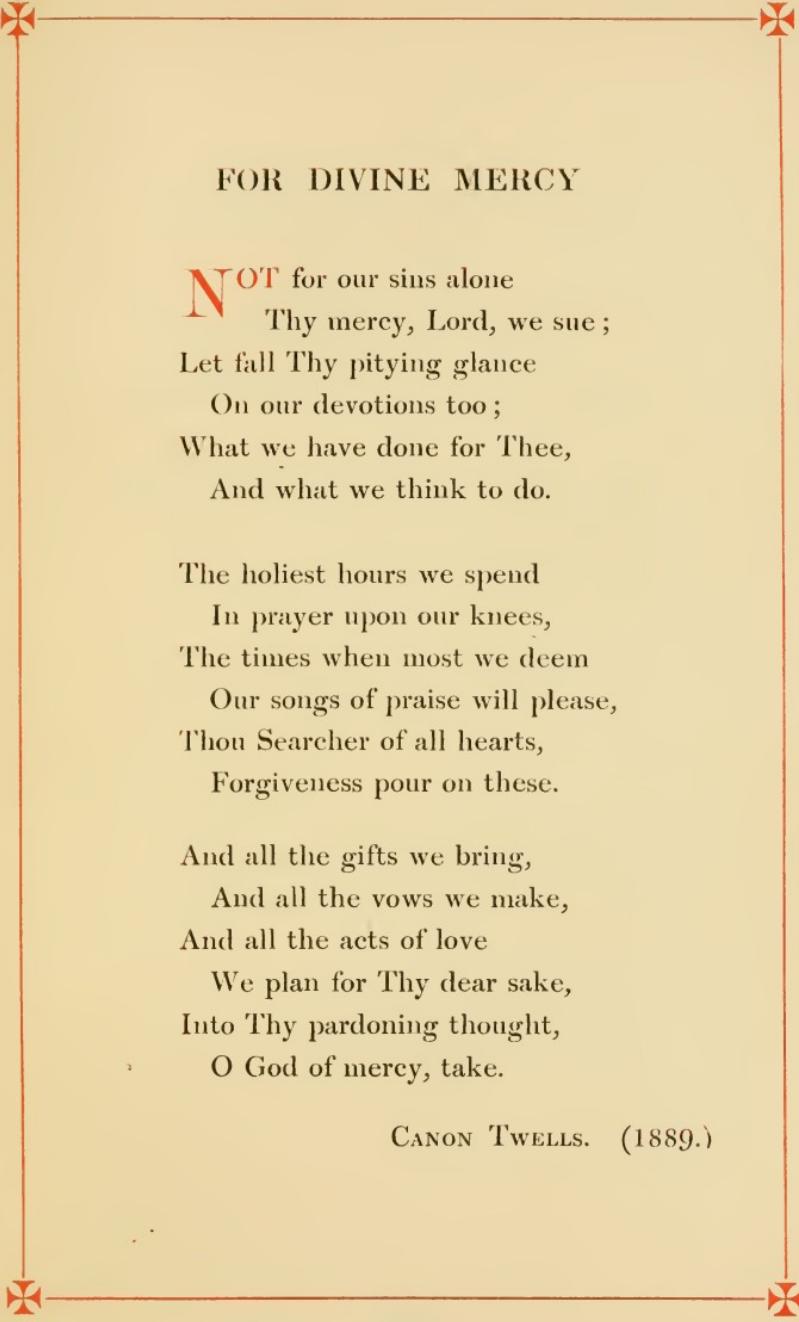
The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

* J. G. WHITTIER. (1884.)



FOR DIVINE MERCY

NOT for our sins alone
Thy mercy, Lord, we sue ;
Let fall Thy pitying glance
On our devotions too ;
What we have done for Thee,
And what we think to do.

The holiest hours we spend
In prayer upon our knees,
The times when most we deem
Our songs of praise will please,
Thou Searcher of all hearts,
Forgiveness pour on these.

And all the gifts we bring,
And all the vows we make,
And all the acts of love
We plan for Thy dear sake,
Into Thy pardoning thought,
O God of mercy, take.

CANON TWELLS. (1889.)

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY

GETHSEMANE ! Gethsemane !

My spirit yearneth to be free
From sin and shame at thought of Thee.

There did the Saviour's Blood-sweat rain
In Agony of mortal pain
Upon thy Soil—oh ! not in vain.

Friendship's default, the lying kiss,
The serried spite of enemies,
This was His Soul's experience, this.

Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Oh ! that thou would'st reveal to me
That which thine Olives once did see !

And what in that fierce strife with hell
He suffered none may dare to tell,
But the Lord God remembereth well.

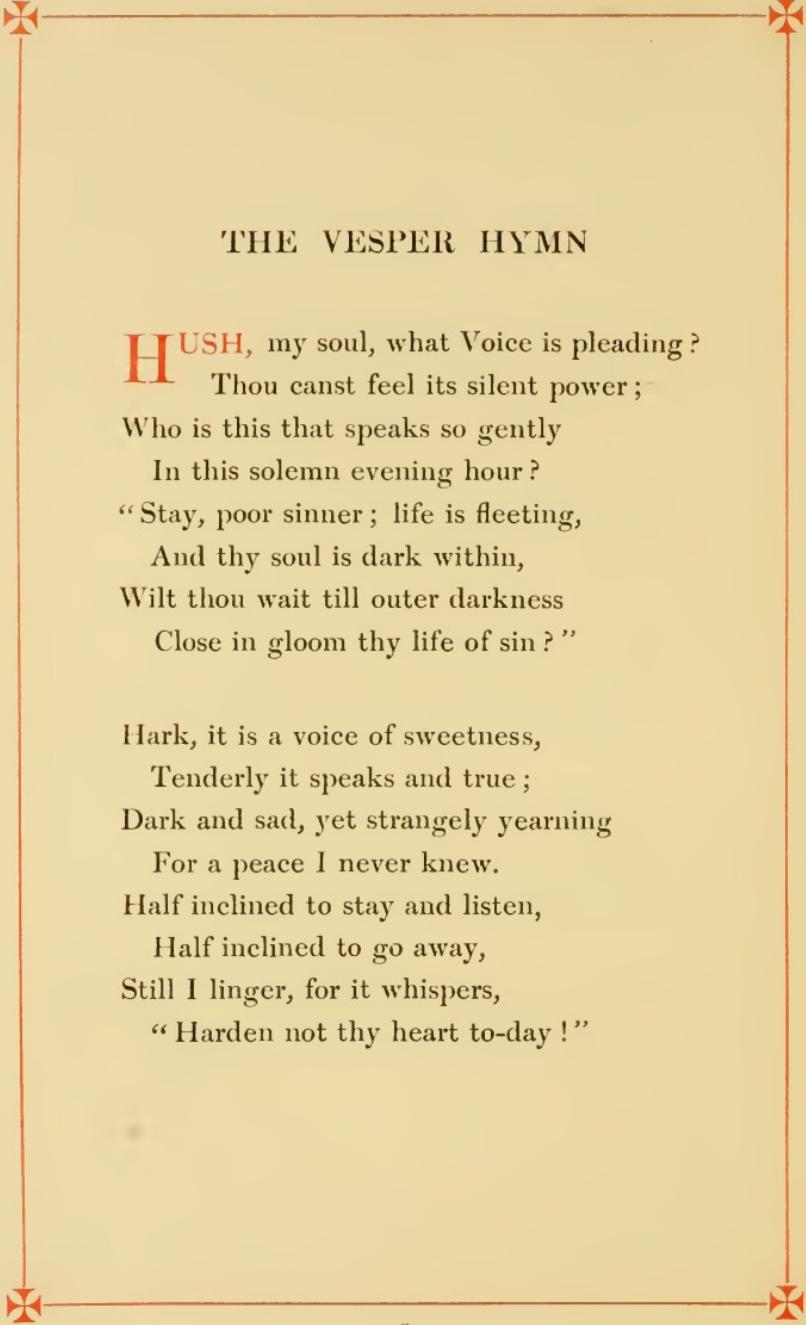
For in that solemn hour he bore
The sins of all that sinned before
Or shall sin, till sin shall be no more.

Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
From thy deep shades of silence He
Passed to His Death upon the Tree.

He died—and all the angelic eyes
Looked in adoring strong surprise
On that eternal sacrifice.

And He Who Sits upon the Throne
Declared the deed divinely done,
And God and man for ever one.

BISHOP WELLDON, D.D.,
Of Calcutta.



THE VESPER HYMN

HUSH, my soul, what Voice is pleading?
Thou canst feel its silent power;
Who is this that speaks so gently
In this solemn evening hour?
“Stay, poor sinner; life is fleeting,
And thy soul is dark within,
Wilt thou wait till outer darkness
Close in gloom thy life of sin?”

Hark, it is a voice of sweetness,
Tenderly it speaks and true;
Dark and sad, yet strangely yearning
For a peace I never knew.
Half inclined to stay and listen,
Half inclined to go away,
Still I linger, for it whispers,
“Harden not thy heart to-day!”

What is this that steals upon me ?
Can it be that at my side,
In His Own mysterious presence
Stands the Wondrous Crucified ?
“ Why, poor sinner, wilt thou linger ?
I am waiting to forgive :
See the meaning of these wound-prints ;
I have died, that thou may’st live ! ”

Hush, my soul, it is thy Saviour ;
And He seeks His lost one now !
He is waiting ; flee not from Him,
Venture near, before Him bow.
Tell thy sins ; He will forgive thee ;
And He will not love thee less ;
For the human heart of Jesus
Overflows with tenderness.

Rev. J. H. LESTER,
Canon of Lichfield.

THE END OF THE YEAR

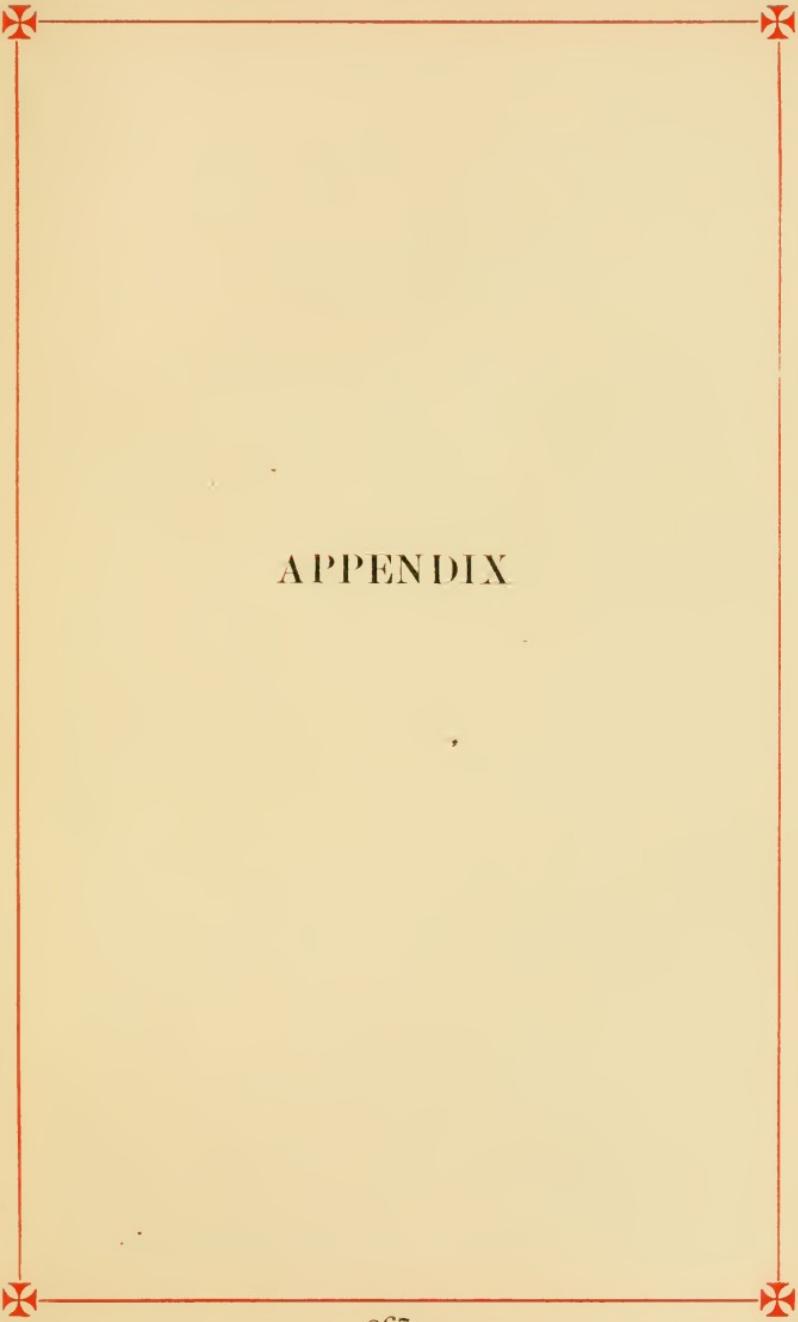
O SAVIOUR, once again the ebbing year
Awakes the memories of days now past ;
And we, with chastened hearts, are gathered here,
On Thy compassion all our care to cast ;
O God of comfort, Thou, and Thou alone,
Canst soothe us when what most we prized is gone.

Thou wilt not chide us, if to-day we long
For loved ones, dear to us and dear to Thee,
And fain would call them back from yonder throng,
To tell us all their saintly spirits see :
In grief, O Man of Sorrows, Thou hadst part,
And our sad thoughts find echo in Thy heart !

Oh, vain the wish ! Enough for us to know
That in some fairer, calmer land above,
Each ransomed soul, who walked with Thee below,
Is ripening 'neath the sunshine of Thy love ;
O God of peace, grant us with them, the blest,
To share at eventide Thy promised rest.

Meanwhile, through lonely vale, o'er rugged steep,
Help us, good Lord, the daily cross to bear,
And when Thy Voice shall wake our last long sleep,
May they, our loved and lost ones, greet us there !
O God of hope, O Lord of Life and Light,
Still lead us on, till faith be lost in sight.

Rev. SOMERSET C. LOWRY, M.A. (1892.)



APPENDIX

APPENDIX

OF the hymns of modern times none have had a more lasting interest, or a greater place in the Church than the "Morning," "Evening," and "Midnight" hymns of Bishop Ken.

These were written for the scholars of Winchester College in the seventeenth century. Few of the clergy of those days had a more varied experience than the author.

From Winchester he went, on one of his country's early expeditions, to Tangier as Chaplain to Lord Dartmouth, and Pepys the Diarist, who accompanied them, has left on record his kindly reminiscence of Ken.

Later we find him at the Hague, where he was Chaplain to Princess Mary, but his faithful remonstrance against a case of wrong-doing at Court soon deprived him of his post, and led to his return to England.

After he became Bishop he constantly visited the prisoners from the battle of Sedgmoor, and interceded for them with the King. Charles II. appreciated his sincerity and faithfulness, and was wont to say he "would go to church to hear Ken tell him of his faults."

APPENDIX

We find the Bishop also attending Monmouth on the scaffold, and ministering to King Charles on his deathbed.

But none of these things saved him from imprisonment in the Tower.

That he “approached as near as human infirmity permitted to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue,” is the testimony of Lord Macaulay.

It is in recalling the life of this great hymn-writer and staunch upholder of the Church’s creeds that we can enter into the interest which his tomb at Frome has, even now, for the traveller. A pilgrimage to this shrine could not be more happily sketched than in the following verses of Lord Houghton :—

“ Let other thoughts, where’er I roam,
Ne’er from my memory cancel
The coffin-fashioned tomb at Frome
That lies behind the chancel ;
A basket-work where bars are bent,
Iron in place of osier,
And shapes above that represent
A Mitre and a Crosier.

These signs of him that slumbers there
The dignity betoken ;
These iron bars a heart declare
Hard bent, but never broken ;
This form portrays how souls like his,
Their pride and passion quelling,
Preferred to earth’s high palaces,
This calm and narrow dwelling.

APPENDIX

There with the churchyard's common dust
 He loved his own to mingle ;
The faith in which he placed his trust
 Was nothing rare or single ;
Yet laid he to the sacred Wall
 As close as he was able,
The blessed crumbs might almost fall
 Upon him from God's table.

Who was this Father of the Church,
 So secret in his Glory ?
In vain might antiquarians search
 For record of his story ;
But preciously tradition keeps
 The fame of holy men ;
So there the Christian smiles or weeps
 For love of Bishop Ken.

A name his country once forsook,
 But now with joy inherits,
Confessor in the Church's book,
 And martyr in the Spirit's !
That dared with royal power to cope,
 In peaceful faith persisting,
A braver Becket—who could hope
 To conquer unresisting."

R. MONCKTON-MILNES
(Lord Houghton).

From Bishop Ken of the seventeenth century we pass to Dr. Johnson of the eighteenth century, another faithful son of the Church. A lover but not a writer of hymns, he yet has left on record

APPENDIX

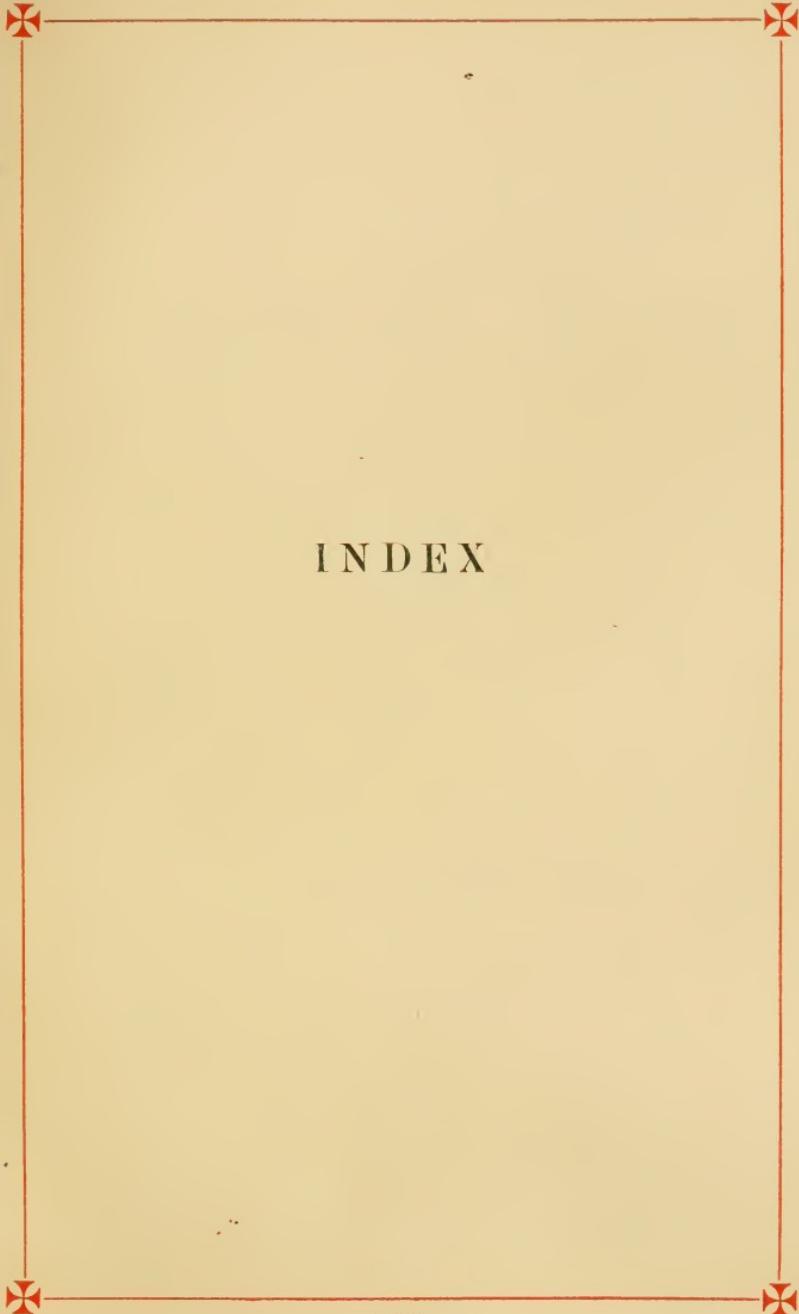
something in harmony with them—his most pathetic “In Memoriam” verse on a poor musician of his day.

EPIAPH BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON
(1740)

“ Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power or hapless love ;
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav’st so oft before ;
Sleep, undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,
Till Angels wake thee with a note like thine !”

Yet another beautiful epitaph of the nineteenth century, in Derry Cathedral, written by The Lord Archbishop of Armagh, the Primate of Ireland, in memory of the Rev. Robert Higinbotham, a young curate in Derry, who died of fever caught in the faithful discharge of duty :—

“ Down through our crowded walks and closer air,
O friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were !
When through the fever’s fire at last they trod,
A Form was with them like the Son of God.
’Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day’s path unto the golden street ;
And we who watched their walk, so bright, so brief,
Have marked this marble with our hope and grief !”



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